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NATIONAL REVIEW

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Lends a Hand
To a Schoolboy

Thomas Oden on
The Millennium

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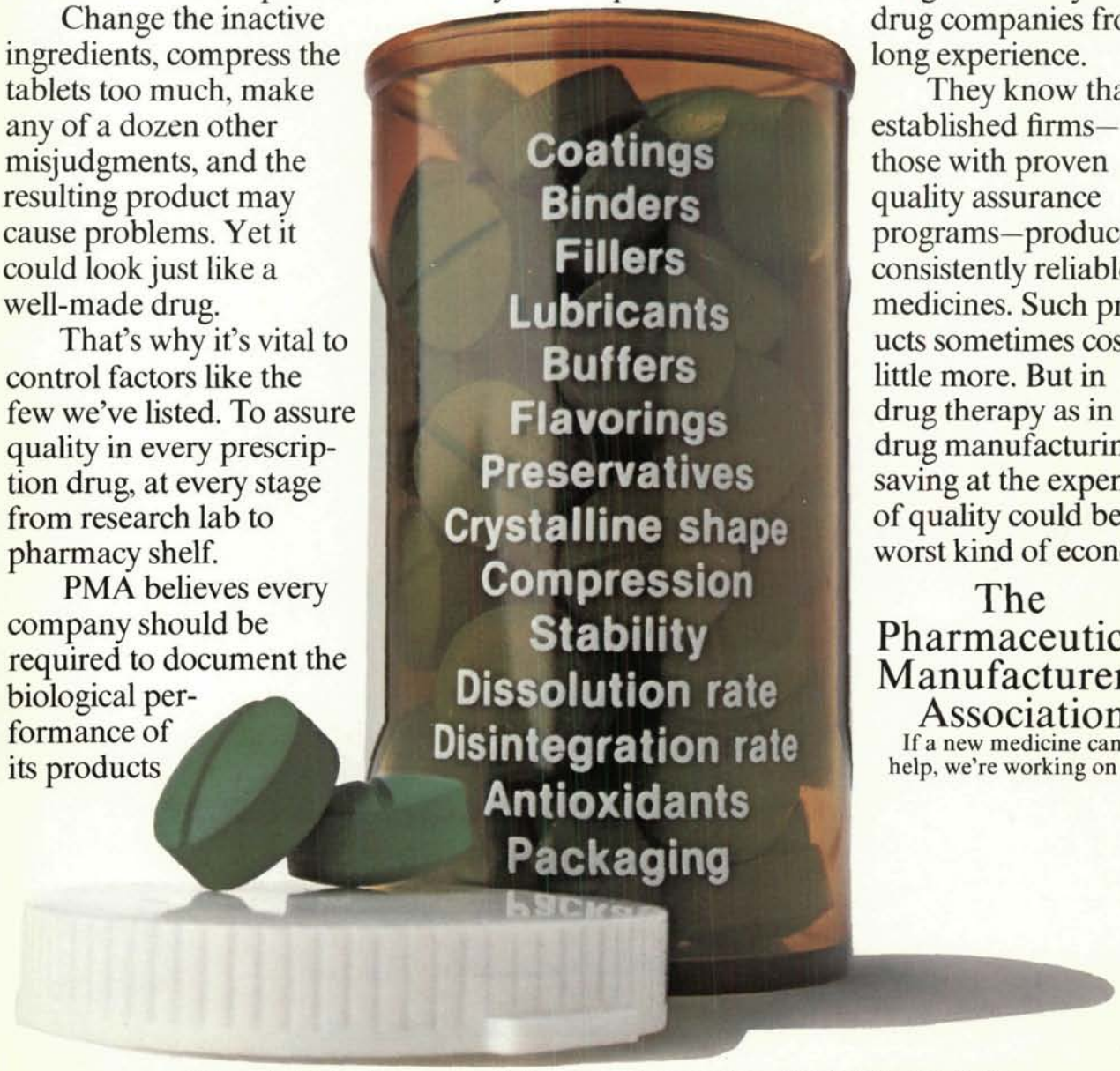

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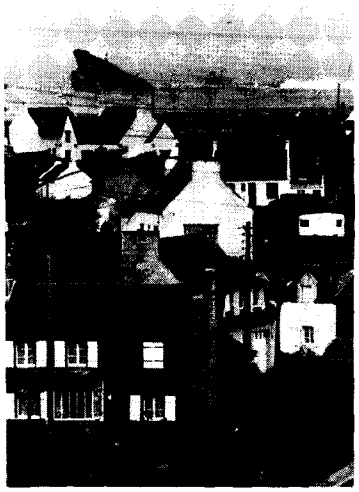

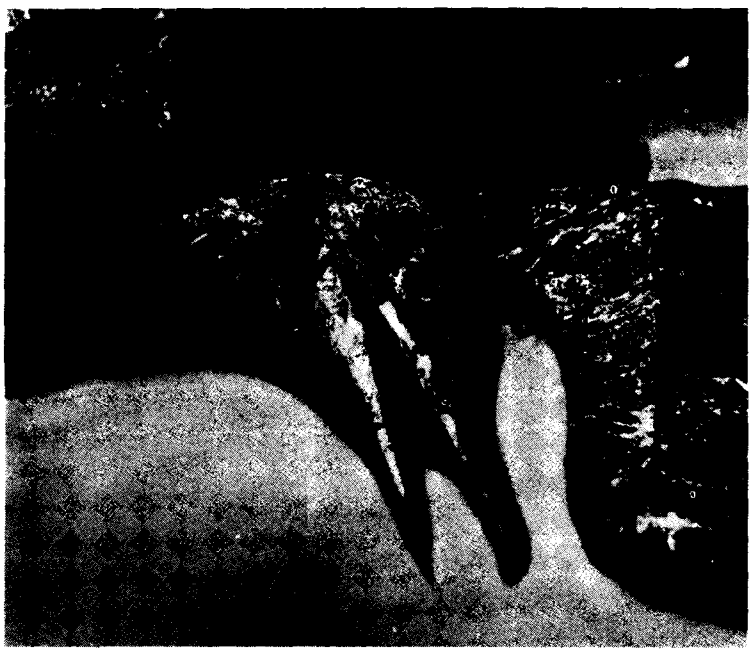

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Letters

Abetting Cambodia

NR has emphasized an overlooked relationship by devoting, on successive weeks, cover stories first to human rights in China [Dec. 8] and then to the horrors of Cambodia ["Escape from Cambodia," Dec. 22]. Nowadays it is all the rage to be enchanted with China, to salute the wall-poster flirtations with democracy, to ponder the ultimate effects of Teng's modernization, and to play the China card against Soviet power. But tucked behind the wall-posters there remains the considerable moral fact that Cambodia's giant Auschwitz survives only through Chinese support. China supplies rice, energy, munitions, spare parts. It bestows a kind of Third World recognition by allowing Pol Pot to extol his country's good health from Peking. It imparts legitimacy and raw power. At least part of America's new-found enthusiasm for dealing with China ought to be channeled toward breaking this umbilical cord.

Edwin Shaw
New York, N.Y.

For the Record

Truce! The contrasting letters of Messrs. Lynch and Roche ["Letters," Oct. 27 and Nov. 24] regarding my review of Father Crosby's book on Joe McCarthy are both correct. It was I who said that the late Bishop William O'Connell embraced the Senator; in so doing, I misread Crosby. My apologies to the author as well as to the correspondents who pounced upon the error. Otherwise I stand by my review, which scores Crosby's patronizing tone toward those who supported McCarthy. A case in point is his reference to the bishop as one of the most conservative prelates in American history, juxtaposed with the judgment that his reactionary leadership led Boston Catholics to become narrow-minded "(though the cardinal himself, ironically enough, was highly intelligent and well read)."

Alan L. Miller
Monroe, Mich.

First Class—Soviet Style

I read with special interest *NR*'s editorial on how the Russians are expected to treat Western visitors during the 1980 Olympics ["The Week," Nov. 24], since I know how they treated the Canadians who visited Moscow three years ago for the Canada-USSR hockey series. *Before* the series, Russian officials agreed that everyone who made the trip would get a seat to each game. Two thousand Canadians arrived, but only seven hundred seats were allotted. After a protest, seven hundred more were produced. Unfortunately, the Canadian officials requested special seats for the hockey players' wives. They got special seats, all right: outside the formal seating area, behind an ice-making machine. They could not even see the game. A bus scheduled to meet the Canadian players at the Moscow airport and take them to the arena for a practice session conveniently got lost, and arrived too late for the practice. The bedbugs in the players' hotel made sleep difficult, as did a phone call to each player's room at 4 A.M. to ask if he wanted his luggage delivered.

It had been arranged that a certain Russian official, renowned for his partiality in previous games, not be used. Yet there he was on the ice, whistle in hand, for the first game. The Canadians demanded that he be removed, but the Kremlin would not permit it. Brezhnev, by the way, had three hundred seats, never more than 12 of which were occupied at any one time. A Canadian attempting to sit in one was wrestled out of the arena.

These few items (and there were others) should be a warning to the U.S. Olympic Committee.

Charles McCrea
Pinellas Park, Fla.

Papal Myths

Why this mythomania? Malachi Martin ["Out of This World," Nov. 24] writes about Pope John Paul II and his Polishness in a style reminiscent of *Ubu Roi*.

1. *Odrodzenie* (Renaissance) was not a "movement . . . of millennial Polish nationalism," but a narrowly based Catholic pre-war sodality; young Wojtyla might have known about it, but it's doubtful he was a "member," especially since he was not ordained till after the war.

2. The Polish Home Army was not "in charge . . . of building resistance morale," but was the largest operational fighting unit in occupied Europe. It kept roughly 200,000 people engaged in underground warfare, acts of sabotage, etc. Fully mobilized in 1944, it had 380,000 soldiers. Wojtyla was a soldier (not a "member"), but to my knowledge he did not especially distinguish himself; he just performed his duties like all of us in that age bracket. He certainly had nothing to do with the "group that obtained vital information for the Allies about the Nazi experiment with V-1 and V-2 missiles"—that action was carried out by a special intelligence command to which he could not have had access.

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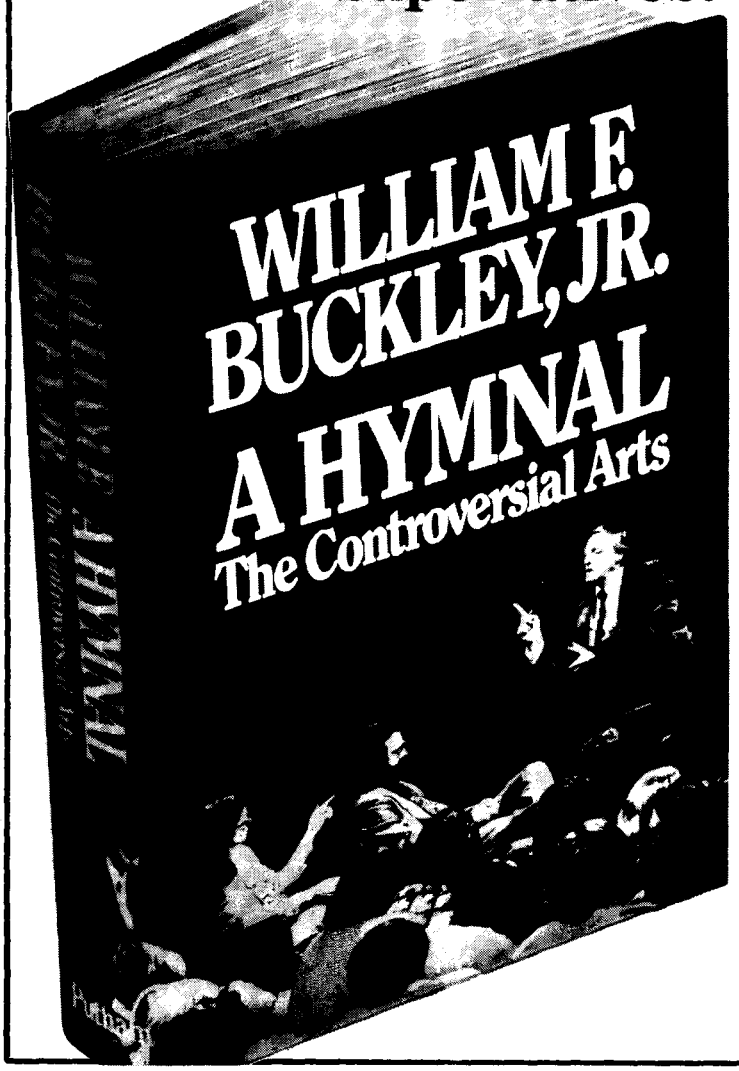

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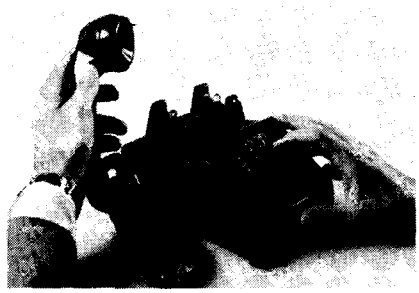

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3. He did not, "together with a certain Dr. Kotlarczyk," organize the Rhapsodic Theater, since Kotlarczyk was a noted personality in the dramatic avant-garde in Cracow, while Wojtyla was then only an aspiring actor. "The single biggest influence on Wojtyla," Jan Tyrowski, was not, in the sense that these words imply, a "tailor by trade and not at all an educated man"; he was a sophisticated reflective poet. During the German occupation, philosophers swept sidewalks and biologists collected garbage just to hide from the murderous Nazi fervor directed against the Polish intelligentsia; thus Tyrowski's tailoring was camouflage rather than mysticism cum humility.

4. I don't know what Mr. Martin means when he writes that "Wojtyla was put on the Nazi wanted list in 1944"; each one of us was. Mr. Martin calls Cardinal Sapieha *the Archbishop of Warsaw,* whereas Sapieha devoted his entire life and imposing pastorate to the archbishopry of Cracow.

So why all this inaccurate mythologizing? To make Wojtyla look better? He does not need it.

Leopold Tyrmand
Rockford, Ill.

It gave me great satisfaction to read Malachi B. Martin's essay in your magazine. I have read dozens of articles on the election of the first Polish Pope. Only yours touches the truth squarely.

Alex Kondracki
Anniston, Md.

If Malachi Martin's description is accurate, then Pope John Paul II is a narrow-minded individual who views the world through the distorted vision of a religious fanatic. The composite picture is of a man who discredits the achievements of such as Darwin and Freud, and lumps together Western democracy and totalitarian Communism as well, condemning both systems as inimical to "spirit."

Could any erudite man, whether of the cloth or not, be that naïve or ill-informed? And is Malachi Martin asserting that true spirituality is exemplified only by the catacomb Christianity practiced behind the Iron Curtain?

Malachi Martin ignores the truth that both the Communist governments and organized Christianity are threatened by the spirit of freedom and the enhancement of individuality embodied in American culture. The following of one's own drummer is what constitutes true spirituality, not the practice of a set of rituals, as Malachi Martin claims. It is likely that John Paul will be far more profoundly influenced by America than America will be by John Paul.

Stanley Fisher
New York, N.Y.

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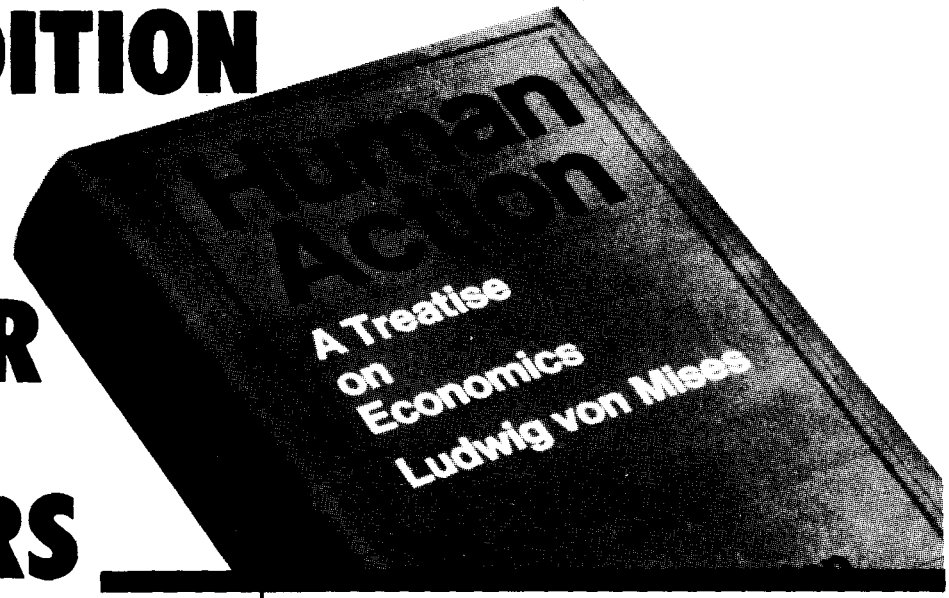

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FOR THE RECORD

■ 1978: Some oldies and baddies are back in the news. **Ralph Schoenman**, of the Committee for Artistic and Intellectual Freedom in Iran, reports he has been beaten up by the Shah's secret police. Schoenman last surfaced in the Sixties staging an "international war crimes trial" (of **Lyndon Johnson**) in Stockholm (where else) in the name of the senescent **Bertrand Russell**. . . . **Abbie Hoffman**, who applauded such doings back then, has changed his mind. "Looking back now," he told *Washingtonian* magazine, "I can see that [Lyndon] Johnson was right. It was like dominoes. If we had stopped them [the Communists] back then, they wouldn't have moved into Africa." . . . On the nuclear front, Italian-born British scientist ***Bruno Corvo***, who took it on the lam with a fistful of atomic secrets in 1950, re-emerged from 28 years in the Soviet Union last summer, to attend a scientific conference in Italy. No one said boo. . . . **Daniel Ellsberg** and **Benjamin Spock**, men in search of a cause, have found one: nuclear power. Both have been convicted on criminal-trespass charges—Ellsberg in Golden, Colorado; Spock, at the Seabrook construction site in New Hampshire. . . . A parole board in Vacaville, California said no to **Charles Manson**'s petition for parole (Manson denies he ever ordered anyone to kill anyone). . . . And **Thich Thien-minh**, the Buddhist monk who headed the opposition to **Diem** and **Thieu**, welcomed the victorious North Vietnamese into Saigon, and urged the people of South Vietnam to rally behind the conquerors, died, on or about October 17, in a North Vietnamese prison, of undisclosed causes.

■ Mushyheads at work: **Averell Harriman**, standing, red carnations in hand, at the Moscow graveside of that old ruffian **Anastas Mikoyan**: "I just wanted to have one last talk with him." . . . **William Saroyan**, returning from Soviet Armenia where he was vodka'd and dined: "I plan to write a book about the progress of the Armenian people in the fraternal family of peoples of the Soviet Union." . . . **Harry Belafonte**, in Havana: "Let us look at who the allies of the United States are: South Africa, Chile. The American people [are catching on] and this is making **Carter** more anti-Cuban, more anti-Soviet, and more anti-socialist." . . . Spanish Premier **Adolfo Suárez** became the first Spanish leader to visit Cuba since the Spanish-American war, the first Western European leader to do so since the **Castro** take-over.

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"Isn't that cute—the kids are playing post office . . . pickets and all."

■ A *U.S. News* year-end breakdown on nations that are free and not free shows only one free nation in Africa, **Botswana**, and only three in Latin America (**Colombia**, **Costa Rica**, and **Venezuela**). . . . **Jet air travel** celebrated its twentieth anniversary in 1978, and U.S. airplanes carried 260 million passengers, up from 49 million in 1958. . . . Incidentally, federal authorities checking airport security around the world say the five most insecure airports are: **Rome**, **Athens**, **Casablanca**, **Istanbul**, and **Ankara**. . . . In 1978, Americans were drinking seven quarts of **wine** per capita per year, up from four quarts a decade earlier, and **France** (propter hoc?) became the second largest agricultural exporting nation in the world (after the U.S.).

■ Of wars and coups: **Hartley Edwards**, the soldier who blew "Taps" to signal the end of World War I on the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month in 1918, died in Denison, Texas, Nov. 14, sixty years later. . . . **Wind River**, an Army mule that saw combat service in World War II—the last of the breed—died, age 46, at the Fort Carson Army Base, Fort Carson Colo., on Nov. 22. . . . And on Nov. 24, the government of Gen. **Juan Asbun Pereda** was overthrown, marking the 200th coup in Bolivia's 158 years of independent nationhood.

■ **Mstislav Rostropovich**, the Soviet cellist-conductor who was stripped of his Soviet citizenship last spring, knows what it means to be an American. His teen-age daughter **Olga** phoned him the other day, he says, and told him she was depressed. What about? he asked. The weather, she replied. "If at her age she can be depressed over bad weather," says Rostropovich, "that means she must be an American. In Russia young people are depressed over many things, but never about the weather."

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THE WEEK

■ War is Peace, Freedom is Slavery, Depression is Banana, Dep't: The war on inflation is evidently bearing fruit. But "the danger of a serious banana is increased if we do not bring the inflation rate down," cautions Alfred Kahn, the Administration's chief inflation fighter. Kahn reminds us that in 1974-75, "We went through the worst banana in 35 years." Mr. Kahn's remarks followed a sharp rebuke from the White House for using the word "depression" when he actually meant banana. We understand perfectly. Depressions were selling this week for 33¢ a pound, up from 14¢ a pound ten years ago.

■ Incidentally, one of our editors has a collie named Banana (really), which he has hastily renamed Great Depression. "She doesn't come when I call," he complains.

■ The defaulting of the city of Cleveland stirs the memory. Defaulting. Defaulting—where have we heard it before? Why, wasn't there something of the kind looming a few years ago over New York? Of course, New York had a better press, as everyone from Jimmy Breslin to the *New York Times* wept lugubrious tears that Gotham was a great city, suffering for its "compassion." And New York had bigger political biceps —"Carter to City: Drop Dead" in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* will not swing any national elections; nor can Ohio send hack after hack to Washington to plead for loan guarantees from the Federal Government (that is, us). The causes of financial chaos in the two cities are nonetheless similar —dishonesty and demagogy. The city's books, when Mayor Dennis Kucinich inherited them, were so muddled that outside examiners declared them impossible to audit. Kucinich, for his part, refused to bolster the city's treasury by selling an aging municipal utility, on the grounds that letting Clevelanders pay the going price for their power would be an affront to "urban populism." The Municipal Light System thus continues to buy electricity from Cleveland Illuminating at market prices, and sell it at populist prices, the difference being added to the debt. Moving with equal grace from economics to history, Mayor Kucinich now likens Cleveland's woes to a "natural disaster." If only he had Studio 54 and a couple million welfare recipients, he might get some relief.

■ CARTER PROPOSAL TO PROTECT PRESS WELL RECEIVED. Missing from this headline were the words BY THE PRESS. It is not clear who else is jubilant. Briefly, the President's proposal would restrict the right of police to search newspaper offices for evidence of crime. They would have to get subpoenas (thereby forewarning the subject of search) rather than warrants for unannounced searches. Editorial opinion so far has sketched the issue as a contest between the press (which vigilantly pursues the public good) and the police (who seem to go around invading the privacy of decent citizens). But the tension, where there is tension, is hypothetically between the press and the community the police are appointed to defend—or, ultimately, between the press and the victim of a crime, for whom justice may depend on the timely acquisition of key evidence. We're waiting for an explanation of why the rights of the victim, thus posed, must yield to the interests of the press. So far, all we've heard has been a variant of the doctrine that what's good for General Motors is good for the country.

■ The economic arguments against government monopoly of first-class mail are all gold and a yard wide, though for many years the burden of pushing them was left to those who attached equal importance to the repeal of the laws against blackmail and bestiality (with consenting sheep, of course). Now comes *First Chicago World Report*, bimonthly newsletter of the First National Bank of Chicago, surveying the wreckage of the postal reorganization of 1971. "What is needed now is not more federal involvement, but less." Average hourly earnings in the Postal Service have risen 86.9 per cent since 1971 (the price of first-class stamps rose 88 per cent over the same period). Meanwhile, the wages of those not shielded by government monopolies rose 64 per cent. The Postal Service, *World Report* concludes, has not used its first-class monopoly to subsidize its other operations, but to pour money into the pockets of its overprotected employees. *World Report*'s solution: end the monopoly. Though "a nationalized mail service is likely to be with us forever [boo!] . . . the massive costs of such a system can be pared substantially . . . [by] opening the door to the competition that could stir the Postal Service into action."

■ In the spirit of detente, we welcome to our shores Andrei Voznesensky, a Russian poet of the non-dissident school. Mr. Voznesensky is here for two months on a boosting tour for his new collection *Nostalgia for the Present* (Doubleday). He is very popular back home: he recently gave a reading to a crowd of forty thousand in Moscow. It looks as if he'll be the new Yevtushenko, provided he can keep up the pace: "It is terrible," he grins. "Every day a plane. Every night a reading." Soviet poets, like Soviet chess players, need stamina. As they say in the Kremlin, publish or perish.

■ A solution to the illegal alien problem appears immi-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Mark well the name of Paul Nitze. He made his fortune as a developer and his reputation as a politically deft lawyer. But he is about to make a signal contribution to history in the upcoming debate on the Carter-Warnke SALT treaty.

The circumstances are altogether extraordinary. Nitze holds no public office, seeks none, covets none. He has few friends among the supermedia and seems prepared to risk the friendship even of those few who remain. His record in public service is uncelebrated (if exemplary) and he makes no claim to scholarly depth. His resources in public debate are limited to his own rhetorical skills and the resonance of his character. Yet it seems unmistakably clear that the SALT treaty would not even be an issue of the first magnitude had it not been for the tenacious criticism of Paul Nitze.

As the propelling force behind the Committee on the Present Danger, Nitze has rallied what remains of the anti-Communist Left, shuffled it with the hawkish elements of the labor movement and the neo-conservative Right, and fielded a ragtag army of surprising punch. So it's Nitze's irregulars, over against the legions of established wisdom, Right, Left, and Center. And so far, it's a draw. We have it on good authority (and not from Nitze) that Jimmy Carter has had more than one "negotiating session" with Nitze, attempting to cut a deal, as part of which the Committee on the Present Danger would restore the domestic tranquillity. On each occasion Paul Nitze, citizen without portfolio, has refused to compromise where he considers the security of the United States to be at stake. These conversations must be difficult for the Establishment-inclined Nitze; for the Annapolis-trained President, they must be excruciating.

Whatever happens in the final roll call, whatever shape arms limitation agreements may finally take, Paul Nitze should wind up holding a fistful of IOUs from the American people.

■ How will it go, the final treaty vote? With increasing frequency we hear it said that Senator Moynihan will be one of the bellwethers. His reputation here, only partially earned, is that of a man who relishes fighting words more than fighting. (Anti-SALT strategists recall uncharitably that it was a single Kissinger-to-Reston leak that sent the U.S. Man of Steel at the UN back to Harvard.) Nitze's irregulars must depend on Moynihan to live up to his anti-SALT rhetoric. A second bellwether will be Senator Sam Nunn. The knowledgeable Georgian would doubtless oppose the treaty with gusto if he represented neighboring Alabama. But to oppose a fellow Georgian on an issue of presidential leadership will require political courage of a high order. If Moynihan and Nunn resist pressures to cave, however, it would be relatively painless for Scoop Jackson to oppose the treaty as leader of the so-called Jackson wing of the Democratic Party. *Then it's a ball game.*

■ Those of you who put down the sawbuck on Phil Crane at 500 to 1 are looking sassy. It may not mean much over the course of the death march that presidential campaigns have become, but Crane has shown more oomph in the last four months than any of the other prospective GOP candidates. Word from Massachusetts is that Crane has received public commitments from nine of the fifteen Reagan delegates to the 1976 GOP convention. A few more are said to be committed to Crane, as well. And from New Hampshire, persistent rumors fly that the party hierarchy will surface for Crane once the post-election reorganization has been completed.

Here in Washington, the Crane organization is going first-class. Recent recruits to the staff include Mark Nuttle from the Republican National Committee and Rick Neal from the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress—both major-league field men—backed up by CSFC honcho Paul Weyrich, one of the ablest strategists in the New Right camp. With Mari Messing from Strom Thurmond's staff to handle press, public television's Jerry Lange on issues, and Chuck Shearer from the Jaycees to work the special interests, the campaign is beginning to look, well, presidential.

Four months after his announcement of candidacy, Crane reports that he has raised $647,000 (a large chunk of it courtesy of Richard Viguerie's magic mailing machine). Just for comparison purposes, James Earl Carter had raised $225,000 at the same point in his campaign. —CATO

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nent. "Two labor unions—the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and the United Farm Workers—have began [sic] openly to organize illegal aliens in the Southwest," reports *Civil Rights Update* (newsletter of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights). "The unions contend that to leave the growing number of aliens unorganized threatens the job security and pay rates of American workers." Just so. Destroy the subterranean market, freeze the number of job openings, raise wages, and presto! unemployment among aliens will match that among natives. That'll stop 'em coming.

■ The incredible barbarity that has been life in Cambodia since 1975 has deflected attention from Vietnam, where the Communists are doing their methodical best to make things intolerable for their captive brothers in the South. First, thousands upon thousands of southerners—anyone who had had anything to do with the Thieu government—were sent to re-education camps without prior trials or sentencing. Even in Gulag a man is given a sentence and knows how long he'll be there. Millions in the overcrowded cities were uprooted and settled on "new lands" to grub a living as best they could from the soil. Last April Hanoi's army and police swooped down on Saigon and the neighboring Chinese city of Cholon and confiscated the stocks of all small stores—requisitioning, they called it. And that touched off the exodus of Chinese boat people. Now the Vietnamese kulaks are to get theirs. Rich peasants—which is to say any peasant who owns more land than he himself can cultivate—will have their surplus acreage "requisition-purchased." If they object to the purchase price, it will simply be "requisitioned."

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Tractors and other farm equipment, "if used to make a profit," will be requisition-purchased by the state, and if a farmer objects to that, it, too, will be requisitioned. That's how it is, today, in South Vietnam. Well done, Jane. Well done, Dave, Cora, Ramsey. Without your help, liberation might never have come to the oppressed peoples of Southeast Asia.

■ America's last ground troops in Korea began coming home last month. President Carter plans to have removed all of them by 1983, except for 33,629, permanently stationed, who we trust will not have died in vain.

■ The offices of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission have reportedly been invaded by a mysterious green mold. Sounds as if the Lord is getting angry at the Pharaoh again.

■ Mr. Kahn has announced his goal of seeking "small victories" in the war on inflation, knowing full well there aren't going to be any big ones until the Federal Government stops inflating. "Rome wasn't destroyed in a day," he explains. Are you buying enough Krugerrands?

■ There is no truth whatsoever to the rumor that McDonald's, Wendy's, et al. add grape Kool-Aid to their hamburger.

■ Chicago Mayor Bilandic is so rattled by the federal indictment of 29 of his electrical inspectors that he is going to write local businessmen telling them they don't *have* to bribe city employees. They'll take a lot of convincing.

The China Card

1. Credibility

"We gave all and got nothing," says George Bush, former chief of the U.S. mission in Peking. Bush adds, "In acquiescing to China's three demands, with no apparent guarantee of a Taiwan solution, we are simply diminishing U.S. credibility around the world."

To put it mildly. The Republic of China on Taiwan, prosperous and relatively free as the nations of the world go these days, is a longtime U.S. ally. We possessed a solemn treaty obligation to that nation of 17 million people—an obligation now treated as a scrap of paper.

Consider the implications. One solution to the Middle East problems between Israel and Egypt is that the U.S. guarantee the terms of any treaty arrived at. Guarantee! In the wake of Carter's treatment of our treaty with the Republic of China, what would any such "guarantee" be worth? The U.S. has indicated that solemn agreements, ratified by two-thirds of the United States Senate, are written in disappearing ink.

From the perspective of an exposed nation, or an ambitious politician, it must appear that the Soviet Union sticks by its friends, while the U.S. does not. The Soviets backed North Vietnam to the hilt with advanced weaponry, while the U.S. left the South militarily exposed. U.S. friends in Laos and Cambodia have now shuffled off this mortal coil. The Soviets support insurgent Rhodesian guerrillas; we have abandoned an integrated, democratic Rhodesian government.

Around the world, especially in embattled nations, somber conclusions are now being drawn. From the fall of Saigon, to the collapse of the Western interest in the former Portuguese colonies, to the establishment of advanced MiG fighter-bombers in Cuba—well, to quote John F. Kennedy, the word has gone forth that the U.S. will sell out a friend, an ally, and a principle.

2. Constitutionality

By one count, the Carter Administration had assured the Congress on a couple of hundred occasions that it had no intention of abrogating the treaty with Taiwan. The very fact that the Administration felt constrained to reassure the Congress on this point argues that the Administration felt the Congress had a legitimate interest in and even responsibility for the conduct of the U.S. under the treaty.

By following this flood of assurances with a sudden, dark-of-night tergiversation, in a season when Congress was in recess and the people were preoccupied with the Christmas and New Year's Eve holidays, the Administration acted furtively, guiltily. No regime so hag-ridden as this one is about its public seemliness would choose the dark of night for an action it thought was plainly meritorious.

The treaty is, after all, the law of the land, which the President has taken an oath to uphold. A violation of that oath is an impeachable offense on the face of it, and more than one senator has offered to look into this aspect of the matter. It should indeed be looked into, seriously, and without delay.

Gentlemen, Load Your Muskets

Tower, Jackson, Helms, and Nunn:
Carter's countdown has begun.
Choose your shot and ram it in.
Check the powder and the pin.
Once the filibusters halt,
Blast the daylight out of SALT.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Even if Mr. Carter is technically right, even if he possesses the authority to act as he did, he is guilty, at the very least, of creating confusion in a republic already deeply troubled with other confusions. It is a maxim in jurisprudence that one avoids constitutional issues whenever one can, on the wise grounds that a good polity does not call into question the very reasons for its existence.

And finally there is the nagging, suspicious, ill-sorted frame of mind that asks why this thing had to be done in this way at this time. What was to be *lost* by waiting two weeks and inviting the advice and consent of the Senate, or the Congress as a whole? If nothing was to be lost by acting in the open, what was *gained* by acting in the dark of night?

3. Strategy

Teng Hsiao-ping is the Voice of the New China? Or a voice of contemporary China? Or the voice of tomorrow's China? That we haven't the remotest idea which of these is the case reinforces the folly of acting on the single assumption that the China we will be dealing with is dominated by orthodox concerns with which the West is familiar.

Who foresaw the fall of Lin Piao? He was constitutionally designated by Chairman Mao as his successor. Who predicted Teng's downfall? Or his resurrection? Or his subsequent downfall? Or his current resurrection? Who predicted the deposition of Liu Shao Ch'i? Who would have guessed that Mao himself would be criticized?

Are there reliable geopolitical coordinates at work here? Clearly the United States plus China is the equal or better of the Soviet Union. But who is under the illusion that the Chinese are interested in an arrangement with the West because they desire Westernization? They desire survival. And survival is measured in the coldest terms.

The Chinese have always been wary of the United States. Mao Tse-tung told Malraux that any country that would quit a war after losing "only" fifty thousand men could not be trusted over the long haul. We measure the value of men's lives differently on the Western abacus, but the insight remains. Having abandoned the pledge to defend Taiwan, we are, in the eyes of the Chinese, what the country club that granted membership to Groucho Marx was in his eyes: disreputable.

The analyst Edward Luttwak, with typical cogency, reminded us several months ago that once we had played our China card, we would then find ourselves without it. Though nothing can be known about the internal politics of Peking, it can be assumed that there are leaders there who believe that the United States will not in fact defend China.

Would we, in fact? Just suppose—Luttwak invites us—that the Soviet Union decided to annex a little Chinese real estate, say the north end of Sinkiang Province, where the incidence of indigenous Chinese is low. And proceeded to do so. Causing a great fury in Peking, and causing what in Washington? An ultimatum? It was hard enough to die for Danzig; we are not about to die for Sinkiang. At this point the pro-Soviet faction in Peking might grow restive, and when well-situated Chinese get restive, you get things like cultural revolutions. Eruptions. New alliances. The next one would most likely be with the omnipotent neighbor to the north, not with the paper tiger (Mao: Thought #322) in the West.

Relaxing with Cy Vance

It wasn't exactly *discussed*,
  Nor is it a part of the text.
He's banking on mutual trust.
  He's sorry that Goldwater's vexed.
He hopes they'll be prudent, of course:
  He knows it's an island they've prized.
If China takes Taiwan by force,
  Presumably, he'll be "surprised."

W. H. von Dreele

Iran: Culture and Perception

Political upheaval in Iran took the Carter Administration by surprise. Why? Economically and strategically, after all, Iran ranks high on the U.S. scale of priorities. A number of explanations have been proffered, ranging from inadequate intelligence to a surfeit of intelligence, and Carter himself is reliably reported to be troubled and puzzled by the U.S. intelligence failure in Teheran.

The problem may be profoundly epistemological. Religion, and religion of a bizarre kind, lies at the center of the present turmoil. The Shah is a modernizer. He has tried to change traditional manners and mores, he has distributed church-owned lands to the peasants, he has moved forward rapidly in technology. But a key figure in the present turmoil is a fanatical, exiled Moslem leader, Ayatollah Rubholla Khomeini. During the recent Ashura holidays, thousands of his Shiite Moslem followers snake-danced through the streets, flaying each other with chains and thongs. Wild rituals of mourning took place, with reference to the seventh century martyrdom of a grandson of Mohammed.

U.S. diplomats and intelligence personnel, in their overwhelming majority, are cosmopolitan secular humanists. Their education and their culture do not prepare them to assess accurately the power of Shiite Islam or the importance of the Ayatollah: to them, both must seem residual.

Some years ago, a popular book about Spain printed a photograph of a procession in honor of the Virgin. In the caption, the worshippers were described as "frenzied," a dismissive term. A more accurate word would have been "ecstatic." To U.S. personnel in Teheran, and at the State Department, the Shiite Moslems must

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have seemed "frenzied"—and therefore of little account. Fatal inference. During the early stages of the Spanish Civil War, then-President Manuel Azana made his famous declaration: "Spain is no longer Catholic." He very soon had to move his government from Madrid to Valencia. There is every sign that religious emotions are going to play an increasing role in the history of the coming decades, and U.S. policymakers appear to have vastly underestimated their importance in Iran.

You Don't Have to Be White

If the Republican National Committee's strategy for wooing the black vote were accurate, Congressman Mickey Edwards would still be picking up the pieces from a defeat last month of McGovernesque proportions. The one-term Republican Representative of Oklahoma City violated all the RNC's rules for an emerging Republican minority. Edwards represents the most urbanized district in Oklahoma, a district where Democrats outnumber Republicans 3 to 1, a district where blacks, who compose 15 per cent of his constituents, voted against him 7 to 1 in 1976. Since he barely squeaked by in 1976 with 49.9 per cent of the vote, the prevailing wisdom holds that Edwards would have to moderate his views to "broaden his base," as the sages at the RNC often put it.

Any moderating that Edwards may have done escaped the attention of the American Conservative Union, which bestowed a rating of 100 per cent on him. Not only did Edwards vote against common-situs legislation, he was among those coordinating the fight against it, which perhaps explains why the AFL-CIO branded him one of the "shameful seven" in Congress. As the RNC was with him on common situs, this vote probably didn't require as much courage as his stand on Humphrey-Hawkins, which had the support of Jesse Jackson, Jimmy Carter, and the RNC. But the bill, though much diluted from its ghastly original, didn't have the support of Mickey Edwards, who voted against it.

On November 7, day of reckoning for all Republicans who had refused to broaden their bases, while other Oklahoma Republicans were losing races for the governorship, the Senate, and the House, Mickey Edwards was re-elected, squeaking by this time with 80 per cent of the vote, including 76 per cent of the black vote.

It turns out that, although radically different from the RNC's, Edwards has a black strategy of his own. He treats his black constituents the same way he does his white constituents. He regularly consults with them, has three blacks on his congressional staff, and has a full-time office in Oklahoma City's black community. "Blacks deserve to be part of the system, and that's all they want," Edwards recently told *Human Events*. "They don't insist that you agree with them all the time, but they do insist that you care about their problems and show a true sensitivity to them as people trying to get ahead in life. It's the free enterprise system, not welfare, that can give them that chance, and they know it." Perhaps the triumph of Mickey Edwards might persuade the RNC to consider moderating its views.

Teddy Time?

Coming off his welfarist stemwinder in Memphis, Teddy Kennedy once again became the subject of presidential speculation. The Senator himself further contributed to the excitement by hiring Carl Wagner, a first-rate political operative, as an aide. Is Teddy then, at long last, preparing to announce for the Presidency, to challenge President Carter in the primaries? John Connally, for one, says he thinks Teddy will be the Democratic nominee in 1980.

He won't be. Even at that mid-term Democratic convention in Memphis, a gathering well to the left of the party's national constituency, a Teddy-style resolution backing expanded social programs was soundly defeated by a 3 to 2 margin. An educated guess would put voter support for Teddy-style liberalism at about 20 to 25 per cent. The Senator himself admitted as much. "Sometimes," he said at Memphis, "a party must sail against the wind." In other words, the votes aren't there.

But, setting that fact aside for the moment, suppose Teddy did attempt to storm through the primaries and somehow managed to wrest the nomination from Carter. In that eventuality he would run as the candidate of a deeply divided and even shattered Democratic Party—and that, plus the non-appeal of his preferred positions, would be a prescription for political disaster.

Disaster, political disaster at any rate, is not the Kennedy game. A more likely scenario has Kennedy working to make himself the spokesman for the party's liberal interest groups. Walter Mondale, a potential rival, is inhibited from seeking that role by his obligation to be an Administration apologist. Kennedy then would be in a position to make a serious bid in 1984, either in the wake of Carter's second term or as the challenger to an incumbent Republican.

Bakke in a Blue Collar

In agreeing to hear *United Steelworkers* v. *Weber*, the Supreme Court has taken up a case with larger implications for affirmative action than Allan Bakke's challenge to the University of California.

Brian Weber is a 32-year-old laboratory analyst at a Kaiser Aluminum plant in Gramercy, Louisiana. In 1974, he bid for a slot in a 13-man training program for skilled-craft jobs. By prior agreement between Kaiser and the United Steelworkers, seven of the positions were

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reserved for black workers, two of whom had less seniority than Weber. Weber sued.

Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act bars job discrimination on the basis of race, sex, age, religion, or national origin. Barring discrimination, however, was quickly transformed under the new dispensation into discriminating against different people, as the relevant bureaucracies became enamored of quotas (a/k/a goals). Kaiser's program, though nominally voluntary, was instituted, like those of hundreds of other businesses, to keep one legal step ahead of the avengers.

The issues Weber raises are more clear-cut than those raised by Bakke. Though agreeing that Bakke had been passed over in favor of applicants with lower test scores, the Court still held that race could be a relevant—though not a determining—factor in college admissions. This recognizes that admissions committees have always taken a variety of qualifications into account. The world of unions, however, is by common consent controlled by seniority—and so long as those are the rules and do not violate the law, the government should not get into the act.

At the same time, the Weber case attacks only a small salient. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, ruling in Weber's favor, held that racial quotas were inequitable only "in the absence of prior discrimination." Thus even if Weber wins, the government may still be able to bring companies and unions to court if previous discrimination —the bad kind—can be proved. But at least the burden of proof will have been shifted to the government—which, in a free society, is where it belongs.

Bukharin and Hope

A particularly choice piece of silliness appeared in the *New York Times Magazine* a fortnight ago: "Why Bukharin's Ghost Still Haunts Moscow" by Stephen F. Cohen, director of the Russian Studies Program at Princeton.

Nikolai Bukharin, Bolshevik theoretician, confessed to a series of ludicrous crimes at the trial of Anti-Soviet Bloc of Rightists and Trotskyists in 1938 and was executed. Since then, his wife and son have attempted to clear his name—an effort which has attracted extra attention on the fortieth anniversary of his death. Professor Cohen, however, would have us believe that greater things are afoot: "What makes the campaign much more than a demand for simple justice . . . is that it serves to rehabilitate Bukharin's ideas—ideas that constitute perhaps the greatest danger to the current Soviet leadership at home and in the international Communist movement."

What these dangerous ideas may be, Professor Cohen does not quite pin down. Bukharin, he admits, "was not a democrat. . . . He never challenged, among other things, the principle of one-party dictatorship, or even the banning of factions within the Communist Party." Cohen does quote Bukharin predicting that Stalin's policies would end in a "police state" (as if that is not what Lenin and his friends—including Bukharin—had already erected); Bukharin also, according to Cohen, hoped that the peasants and the private sector might " 'grow into socialism' through market relations"—which seems about as meaningful as anything Stalin ever said. Bukharin, Cohen half-understands, has a certain utility as a counter in inter-Communist arguments over the timetable of revolution. Mostly, however, he is useful for people like Cohen himself, determined to find some good in the Soviet experiment, because unable perhaps to find it anywhere else. "I shall now speak of myself, of the reasons for my repentance," Bukharin said at his trial, though Cohen does not quote this. "For when you ask yourself: 'If you must die, what are you dying for?' —an absolutely black vacuity suddenly rises before you with startling vividness. . . . When you ask yourself: 'Very well, suppose you do not die; suppose by some miracle you remain alive, again for what? Isolated from everybody, an enemy of the people, in an inhuman position, completely isolated from everything that constitutes the essence of life.' And at once the same reply arises."

All this is not to say—especially, not at Christmas—that Russia is doomed to its slavery. "If the whole world were to be covered with asphalt," Ilya Ehrenburg said of Pasternak, "one day a crack would appear in the asphalt; and in that crack grass would grow." That grass, however, has nothing to do with Bukharin, Cohen, Princeton, or the *New York Times*.

Christmas Isn't

Christmas isn't "children"
  Or Rudolph and his nose.
Christmas isn't Macy's.
  It isn't Dickens' prose.
Christmas isn't Crosby
  Or windows newly iced.
Christmas is, so help me,
  About the birth of Christ.

W. H. VON DREELE

News on the Shroud

NR monitors scientific and cultural developments concerning the Shroud of Turin, and at this Christmas season it is exciting to report that the balance seems to be shifting inexorably in favor of authenticity, and that discussion of the Shroud and its implications is spreading further into the general culture. The best recent piece of journalism about the Shroud appears, perhaps surpris-

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ingly, in the Rock-culture weekly, *Rolling Stone*, January 11, 1979.

Some of the best scientific brains in the world are now in Turin, bringing with them the most advanced equipment available. New points about the Shroud emerge regularly, and Michael Thomas reports them at length in *Rolling Stone*.

One expert categorically rules out a painted image. Photographic analysis reveals new details of the Passion. In the flagellation, "the taller Roman on the left enjoyed it so much and swung so hard the flagrum hooked round and caught him on the chest and thighs. . . . The Cross weighed one hundred pounds of rough-hewn cedar. He only carried the cross-piece—the upright was a permanent fixture. He fell often—you can see the cuts and bruises on his knees."

How was the image on the cloth produced? The "circumstantial evidence insists that there is only one way the image got on the cloth and that was by what Ray Rogers calls flash photolosis and Team Chiefs Jackson and Jumper compare to a micro-burst of radiant energy emanating from the dead body. . . . Some kind of thermonuclear radiation, lasting only a millionth of a second, would be just enough to scorch the cloth without incinerating half of Jerusalem. A burst of radiant energy. From a corpse."

On the question of authenticity, *Rolling Stone*'s Michael Thomas writes one of his most mordant passages. To believe the Shroud a fake, one has to believe in the existence, totally unknown to history, of "some fourteenth century steppenwolf privy to now lost alchemical formulae, who had a knowledge of the peculiar pathology of crucifixion . . . and who mysteriously if not miraculously contrived by no known method a negative image to appear encoded with 3-D information only a computer developed for interstellar image analysis could read. And this character would have to have a pretty dry sense of humor—because all that ingenuity would not have become apparent to anyone till five hundred years later. It takes, in other words, more of an effort and a more tortured manipulation of the facts to disbelieve in the authenticity of the Shroud than it does to accept it."

All right, contemporary culture, it's your move. And the presence of this article in *Rolling Stone* is worth pausing over. The facts about the Shroud are now penetrating deeply into our general culture. But the Shroud clearly presents *problems* for that general culture, for empiricism, for ecumenism. Yet a major TV network, ABC, has in view a serious documentary on the subject; a movie about the Shroud called *The Silent Witness* is outdrawing John Travolta in London and will soon open in the U.S. It will be fascinating to see how this phenomenon is handled, because it is thundering at the door.

Gorrell, *The News-Press* Rothco

Golda Meir, R I P

Behind her desk in her office—surely the most tatterdemalion of any occupied by a chief of government anywhere in the world—were two pictures, one of Richard Nixon (the year was 1972), one of John Lindsay. On being asked about the criteria for qualifying to have one's picture on her wall, she chuckled and said that the President of the United States (whoever he is) is regularly there. As for John Lindsay, then mayor of New York, she said she loved him, and indeed that she had got him elected in 1969 during his crisis with the Republican Party. "Yes," she said, "I did it," and chuckled. "I get along very well with American politicians. I make it my business." Asked about McGovern, she warned of the implications of his anti-Defense Department policies. Why didn't she speak out to world Jewry on the subject? Well, she agreed she was chief of government of a Jewish state, but she wasn't going to start giving Jews orders whom to vote for in American elections. Israel needed U.S. good will and U.S. support, but Israel would otherwise look after itself. There was no alternative. "I was in the Waldorf Astoria when at the Security Council they were talking about a cease-fire resolution, and the talk talk talk went on for three days, and before they got to the resolution, India had overrun East Pakistan. And you know what the delegates were doing? While Pakistan was going down the drain? They were laughing! It could have been Israel." She leaned back and lit another cigarette and talked about the reluctance of Israel to give up the captured territories in the absence of believable guarantees, nowadays defined as guarantees with a higher Moody rating than those we gave to Taiwan. "You know, I just love American Presidents. They are so nice to me. But—" her laughter, though coarse, was infectious—"you know, I have *yet* to find a U.S. President who has offered me command of the Sixth Fleet." Golda looked after her people with ruthless disregard for lesser matters. And all other matters were lesser matters. If she had been President of the United States, we'd have

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had peace in Indochina, in the Mideast, in the Far East; and Moscow, a quaint duchy in the heartland of Asia, would be exporting wheat and importing Jews. God be with her. She will look after Him. —WFB

Ecce Annus Domini 1979

In this New Year the Imperium Sovieticum will suffer its 62nd consecutive season of unusually poor growing weather. Two hundred million examples of Socialist Man, living in what was until 191[illegible] known as the Bread Basket of Europe, will eat peculiarly; hunger will be renamed Capitalist Peristalsis and defined as a state crime. If Czarist weather conditions should ever return to the steppes and the Ukraine, the Commissars in Moscow will have to ransack the classical literature to rediscover the Russian word for harvest. *Difficile est saturam non scribere.*

House Speaker Tip (*deprendi miserum est*) O'Neill will wrestle with that delicate moral question—whether legislators who have been censured, indicted, or convicted of crimes should hold committee chairmanships. Such iffy matters never came to the attention of the Romans, who had the good sense to send *complete horses* to the Senate, whose occasional whickering or rolling in the hay might not constitute disqualification for the duties of statecraft. The new Congress, whether chaired by master scoundrels or mere apprentice cambrioleurs, will pass the usual fifteen thousand laws on every subject under the sun (*corruptissima republica plurimæ leges*) while engaging in the usual round of barratrous, flagitious, and tralatitious peculation.

The Carter Administration (*Virgo Scorpioque, boni sub regno Jimmyo*) will fight inflation, poverty, mental health, after-tax income, ecological consequences (all hail the snail darter! let's lear it for the Furbish Lousewort! piss on the Russian Wild Boar!—cf. *The Public Interest*, Fall 1978, p. 117, under the cusp of Leo), morality in the streets, teenage employment, job creation through investment, Billy Beer's creditors, the working rich, pronunciation, and entertainment. *Auferre, trucidere, rapere falsis nominibus imperium, atque ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant.*

The minimum wage will be raised until every black man, woman, and child is unemployed, and then there will be threats of violence in the streets (that long hot summer the Czarists used to grow wheat in). *Cui semper dederis, ubi negas, rapere imperas.* Ham Jordan (Hamfattus Jordamnatus Inferior) will blame the whole thing on the Republican Party, which, come to think of it *sub specie æternitatis*, why not? Sound the low G on yo' jug, Ham Fat, we feels a song comin'.

Dollar will fall, gold will rise, heads will roll, trains won't, Jackie will lunch at 21, the *New York Times* will end at least two hundred editorials with sentences that begin with "Hopefully," Carter Administration will flub around (*ignoranti quem portum petat, nullus suus ventus est*), Arabs will sell Los Angeles back to Israel, Robert Redford will change his expression, for a price, Jerry Brown will change his price, to use an expression (*cupido dominandi cunctis*—that's CUNCTIS—*adfectibus flagrantior est*), Andy Young will emit a muffled cry, Stu (*Ferrocivitas*) Eizenstadt will sport a bandaged finger, no one will be Best Dressed, Israel will sell Los Angeles to Idi Amin and no one will notice, salmon will arch upstream in the spring, praise all dappled things.

A year like any other in the last five thousand, more or less—for which (*verbum sapientibus*) we give thanks.

Notes & Asides

■ Sir,

I was shocked to see that the NATIONAL REVIEW reproduced my article "Human Rights in China" without my agreement and without my knowledge. The exclusive rights for publication of this article in America belong to *Dissent* (New York).

I wish to retain the right to choose myself where to publish my writings. Your initiative, however well-meaning, infringes upon a copyright which was granted to another journal, and for me personally, amounts to a manipulation which distresses me.

Please, have the courtesy to publish this letter in your next issue.

Yours sincerely,
Simon Leys (Pierre Ryckmans)
Department of Chinese
Australian National University
Box 4 P.O. Canberra A.C.T. 2600
Australia

Dear Mr. Leys:

We regret the misunderstanding. I read your piece while in Australia—published in *Quadrant* magazine, whose editor held a dinner for me in Sydney. I wrote to him on reading the piece: ". . . we intend to reprint Simon Leys' piece on China. We shall send him a check for the regular space rates. I'd appreciate it if you'd drop me his address." It was two weeks before he wired us that you had sold the piece elsewhere, and we were already on the press. We cannot be held responsible for the slowness of the mails. Moreover, you will note that there is no copyright over your name (or for that matter *Quadrant*'s). Under U.S. law, anyone could have reproduced your piece without permission. My writing to *Quadrant* and proffering a fee was, therefore, technically

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unnecessary and an indication of our bona fides. I am certain that, on reflection, you will withdraw the suggestion that you were manipulated. We are not interested in manipulating you, merely in passing along your words to our readers. If it is any consolation to you, we probably do not have six readers in common with *Dissent*, or two opinions. With all good wishes, WFB

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Pitts

Help! Would you make a note in the next magazine of our yearly confusion over the numbering of our magazines and *Bulletins*? It issues from our dropping the *Bulletin* that would in the normal course of events go to press in Christmas week; its omission causes consternation in libraries up and down the land when time comes to bind the year's *NR*s.

The *last* publication of this calendar year was the *Bulletin*, dated December 29, Volume 30, Number 52. The *first* magazine of the next year, our Christmas issue, is Volume 31, Number 1 (no surprises yet). Our second publication of the new year is also a magazine, Volume 31, Number 3 (notice the missing *Bulletin*), dated January 19; and the third publication of the new year is a *Bulletin*, Volume 31, Number 4, dated January 26.

The alternative is to have the first two magazines, January 5 and January 19, numbered 1 and 2 and then start the *Bulletin* with number 3, but try to explain that to any librarian you know.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I must request a plenary indulgence for intruding upon your time. You see: I have this friend, and his mother believes that, save Ronald Reagan, you are America's foremost prophet and patriot. I am more confident about asking for your mercy knowing that she has forgiven you, begrudgingly, for the PC.

It seems that she is in agreement with you on simply everything, notwithstanding the Big Ditch. Commensurately, I have yet to find an issue on which to agree with her. We argue incessantly about politics; but we always part friends because we're in love. She owns every book which you have written, edited, and, one presumes, read, as well. I can hear her now, "Dear, dear Bill."

Until a year ago, I was, to borrow her term, unenlightened. I had viewed you with some regularity on *Firing Line*, but remained ignorant of your inspired political polemics. Your fan—her name is Mrs. Doris Landen, by the way—sought quickly to improve my plight. She gave me several of your books. I devoured them, bought the rest and devoured them, too: seldom agreeing with your views, but always loving your wit, cunning, spleen, and obvious attachment to the English language.

All of this brings me, circuitously, to the point of this letter. Just last night I stopped by to visit Mrs. Landen. I was particularly depressed. She gave me a copy of *Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?*, adding, "This should cheer you up." I had an International Relations final the next morning (three hundred pages yet to read), so I filed the epistle away. I had read your article about your sister Aloïse in *The Jeweler's Eye*, and didn't want to cry again.

Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

About five A.M. the urge o'ertook me. I put down my IR reader, and grabbed Mrs. Heath's book. And read. And read. And read. And laughed-out-loud. After finishing the last brilliant chapter, I reflected, not in sadness as before, on the joy that must have been yours growing up with such a lady.

Feeling better, I reached again for my Spiegel anthology (*At Issue: Politics in the World Arena*). It was now just one hour before the exam; I had but one article left to read. As I began, I noticed the author's name: Sanford J. Ungar. Could it be!? (or ?!), I thought. Is this the Ungar of *Execution Eve*? The Ungar of *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?*

I quickly grabbed my well-worn copy (always nearby) of *Execution Eve* (paperback, alas) and flipped to "Notes and Asides."

Yes! My suspicions were correct.

Happy at my discovery, I proceeded then to read the article, pausing at the end to reiterate your query: "What *is* it with Ungar?"

Cordially,
Robin Little
Centre College of Kentucky
Danville, Kentucky

Dear Robin:

The pleasure is abundantly requited. In this Christmas issue (see p. 22), we continue the tradition of publishing a Christmas piece from *Mrs. Major*. Cordially, **—WFB**

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The Debate Goes On

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

BACK IN LONDON after my third visit to the United States this year, I am going to indulge in a sport much favored by visiting Europeans meddling in American affairs. Indeed, it is, at such times as these, a duty more than a sport. For there is no visible substitute for America's leadership of the Western Alliance, and when that leadership is seen to be defective, misguided at best patchy, at worst dangerously wrong, one has a duty to speak up.

The key issue in American foreign policy is now, and has been ever since 1945, the proper interpretation of, and response to, Soviet intentions. On this recent trip, I had occasion to meet with some of the protagonists in the great debate, including James R. Schlesinger and Marshall D. Shulman. Since the occasion was private and off the record I shall not quote them. Instead, I shall lean on the published accounts of the arguments attributed to them and others —for instance, the fair and accurate account given by Bernard Gwertzman in the *New York Times* of December 7.

On one side of the fence stand Professor Shulman, whose views on the Soviet Union carry decisive authority in the State Department and the White House; and Secretary of State Cyrus R. Vance. On the other are Mr. Schlesinger, whose present job as Energy Secretary keeps him publicly silent on issues he is highly qualified to expound on, having served in the past as Defense Secretary and as head of the CIA; and Zbigniew Brzezinski, who advises the President on matters of security.

The Shulman-Vance line (more accurately styled thus than the other way round) is that there is nothing to worry about in our relationship with the Soviet Union, or rather that it is the Russians who ought to be worrying, not the Americans. The Russians' economy is in deep trouble, they are slipping further and further behind in technology, they don't grow enough food, and their system no longer appeals to anybody. They need American help, and the U.S. doesn't need any help from them. Among other things, they badly need a SALT II treaty.

The Schlesinger-Brzezinski position, while not denying that the USSR today is hardly a success story, points out that this poor, unsuccessful, unattractive giant, this dull, slow-footed bear, is nevertheless pushing forward in widely scattered places, either on its own or through proxies. In recent weeks, the Soviets have signed friendship treaties with Afghanistan, Vietnam, and Ethiopia, sent MiG-23s to Cuba, and used naval force to help bring the pro-Moscow faction to power in what is now the Arab world's first Marxist-Leninist state, the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen (PDRY). Not bad for a slow-witted bear.

THE SHULMAN-VANCE attitude toward these concrete evidences of Soviet intentions is not to dismiss them as unimportant, so much as simply not to notice that such things are going on, apparently in the belief that if you look elsewhere the nasty bits will just go away. Startled to see a bear so far from its natural habitat, the ostrich buries its head in the sand.

Let us vary the metaphor. Marshall Shulman (and, by implication, those who accept his advice) seems to see U.S.-Soviet relations in terms of a kind of superpower Olympic Games, with points awarded for economic performance, technology, living standards, and respect for human rights. On this basis, the American team runs away with the Gold Medals, and the Russians will be lucky to pick up a Silver or two.

Alas, however, there is no impartial or all-powerful committee of judges to preside over the Olympics of the Third World War, and the stakes are somewhat higher than the winning of Gold Medals. At stake, in fact, are control of the world and survival—not just physical survival of the West, though of course that too is at stake—but the survival of a threatened way of life.

The advent of revolutionary and pro-Soviet governments in Angola, Mozambique, Ethiopia, the PDRY, and Afghanistan has little or nothing to do with the frustrations, sufferings, and aspirations of local populations. It has everything to do with the fact that for many years the Soviets trained, armed, and financed terrorists and guerrillas from the Portuguese territories in Africa; armed and trained Afghanistan's regular army; had men of their choice in a position to seize power in Ethiopia and the PDRY; subdued and controlled Fidel Castro's intelligence service, the DGI; and were able to send Cubans and East Germans to engineer political changes in distant places.

In this kind of competition, with one competitor making the rules to suit himself and the other apparently determined not to understand the nature of the contest, victory does not necessarily go to the better and more successful system. Indeed the relative economic and technological backwardness of the Soviet Union and the patently repulsive nature of its social and political system are *incentives* to victorious advances, not, as Marshall Shulman seems to think, disincentives.

I shall look at the incentives and disincentives in greater detail in a future column. Meanwhile, let me simply lament that at this time of major and rapidly increasing international danger, the American President should be guided by such men as Marshall Shulman. □

Bubec, *Heilbroner Stimme* Rothco

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Before You Say NO...

A Correspondence, Non-Fictional, between A Young Boy, A Housewife, A Headmaster, and Young Boy's Brother

ALOÏSE BUCKLEY HEATH

March 7, 1958

Dear Mrs. Heath:

I wish to ask you a great favor. My brother David goes to Cranwell and he says they go easier on brothers, so I might have a chance to get in even though my grades aren't so terribly good. But I need three letters of recommendation and I have one from a priest and one from a nun and my father says he thinks the third one better be from someone who is not a priest or a nun. You are not a priest or a nun but yet you know me intamitely from me having delivered your paper even that bad day right after Christmas when their was no school and the Times boy didn't deliver his customers, and from those Catholic Christmas cards you always buy, and from the jack lantern pumpkins I helped you carve three years in a row, and the Easter Eggs, and a lot of other things. (Like the time I picked up John when he broke his arm and taught Priscilla how to ride a two-wheeler.)

Before you say no, I did break the trampoline but I didn't honestly know how heavy I was, because I grew very suddenly and the only reason I was always on the roof was because of my gliders which you said I could get if they were on the roof, and the time you wouldn't let me come in your back yard for three weeks that time, Catholic Word of Honor, John started it and it was not my fault because Scout's Honor, I only gave John the most compleatly gentle kind of tap so he would go home so Georgie Cunningham wouldn't beat him up, because you know how Georgie is when he gets mad. Because John threw a mud ball at him on his bicycle. Not that you were wrong, but that I'm explaning now, because you were so mad then you wouldn't give me a chance to explane, because John got their first and he fed you a lot of garbage. But I still like John, he is a fine young boy, he has been well brought up by his Mother.

But even if sometimes you don't get along with me too well, I always think of you as my "Oldest Friend" so I hope you will do me this great favor of writing me a letter of recommendation. Thanking you for your trouble,

Respectfully yours,
PETER BAILEY-GATES

P.S. Thank you for the pennies of which I already had the 1926 San Francisco mint but I did not have the 1921 Denver. Do you have a 1905 Indian Head, I will pay one nickel, clear profit of four (4)¢?

Respectfully yours,
PETER BAILEY-GATES

March 7, 1958

Dear Peter:

I would be glad to write you a letter of recommendation to Cranwell, and I am very flattered that you asked me. Of course, I will have to tell the Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth, so I hope nobody will be careless enough to allow my letter to fall into the hands of the police. I can't tell you how much I would miss you if you had to spend the next ten years in a reformatory.

Respectably yours,
MRS. H.

P.S. No, I haven't got a 1905 Indian Head, which saddens me very much, but what saddens me more is the fact that even after three years' acquaintanceship you don't know me well enough to realize that I also know that this particular penny is worth $6! You and your 4¢ profit—hah! I've told you and told you about my high IQ. Don't you believe me? However, just to show you I bear no grudge, I will give you my duplicate of the 1911 no mint mark—for free yet!

Respectably yours,
MRS. H.

P.P.S. Don't worry about my letter. I will bet you one dollar (from me) to one doughnut (from you) that you will get into Cranwell—not because you're such a hot-shot, you understand, but because if I'm crazy enough to like you, your priest and your nun are probably suffering from the same form of insanity. On the other hand, they may know you even better than I do, God help them!

Respectably yours,
MRS. H.

March 9, 1958

To Whom It May Concern:

Peter Bailey-Gates has been in and out of my house almost daily for the past three years—by "almost" I mean those short sentences of exile which I have been unkind enough to impose upon Peter—and in that time I have come to know him very well indeed: as friend, paper boy, fellow penny-collector, and combined decorator, waiter, and entertainer at my younger children's birthday parties.

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I have found Peter to be unfailingly good-humored, well-mannered, and considerate—all of which qualities stand him in good stead in his relations with the public, which are many and varied. I am sure that no boy in New England, much less in West Hartford, has been engaged in so many intricate business enterprises as Peter Bailey-Gates. I have bought, hired, subscribed to, invested in, paid and been paid interest on fully a dozen of his ventures in the last three years—not even counting his snow-shoveling, leaf-raking, apple-picking, and garbage-can-toting, for which my own young sons are recruited. Peter's financial sense is, however, no deterrent to his feeling for what is fitting and proper: when he washed the car of the seventy-year-old spinster who lives nearby, for instance, he was careful to explain (lest I should find out, I suppose!) that he had refused payment only because she had "no man to make money for her"; again, when he asked me to take an ad in his projected *Colony Road News* and I was so irreverent as to reserve two inches of space for the slogan "HOORAY FOR MRS. HEATH," Peter offered to refund my dollar because he had caused my ad to appear as "COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND." I must, however, state categorically that Peter has faithfully and conscientiously fulfilled his share of every and any contract between us, whatever it may have been. (And the fact that one or two of these contracts have been rather clearer to Peter than to me has been indignantly attributed by my own children to my habit of doing jigsaw puzzles, watching television programs, reading, and saying "Uh-huh" simultaneously, when I should have been listening. My husband affirms this judgment.)

Lest my young friend sound barely lower than the angels, I must add that his fertile imagination combined with his 13-year-old sense of humor has led, on occasion, to my addressing him with "harsh words and unkind"—("You know perfectly well that when I told you last Tuesday you could climb up on the roof to get your glider. I didn't mean you could buy ten *more* gliders and *aim* them at the—and by the way, I hope you didn't buy them with the lottery money for the bicycle horn—when are you going to have that lottery, anyway? I bought those tickets six weeks ago!" And much more). These irrational, if predictable, crises of the adult world leave Peter possibly repentant, probably remorseful, but certainly unruffled. He is more sophisticated today than three years ago, when, at the age of ten, he frequently urged me not to get my liver in a quiver. Today, when Peter and I have what he refers to as "a difference of opinion," he retires with complete equanimity to his own back yard until such time as my ill-humor subsides. My change of mood is apparently picked up by Peter's extrasensory perception within the hour, for whenever I decide that the time has come for forgiving and forgetting, he appears at my front door within 15 minutes, to assure me *he* has forgiven and forgotten. By way of proof (or penance?) he then resumes without rancor his status as our daily visitor.

Needless to say, our friendship is steadfast.

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH
(Mrs. Benjamin Wild Heath)

March 15, 1958
CRANWELL PREPARATORY SCHOOL
Office of the Principal

Mrs. Benjamin Wild Heath
29 Colony Road
West Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Mrs. Heath:

I am very grateful to you for your detailed and colorful description of Peter Bailey-Gates.

Many of Peter's accomplishments can be put to good use at school. Leaf-raking and snow-shoveling are part of the punitive curriculum. Endowed with all the energy which you describe, I am sure that Peter will be an early candidate for demerits.

We will try to keep pace with Peter. What substitute we will have when the occasion arises for Peter to "retire to his own back yard" we will try to figure out during the year.

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES E. BURKE, SJ
(Rev.) Charles E. Burke, SJ
Principal

March 15, 1958

Dear Mimi and Dad:

Please excuse the paper, for I'm in study hall, and since something happened tonight, which made me feel proud of my little (little? Ha Ha) brother Peter, I thought I'd tell you about it, unless you already know. This has also changed practically my entire attitude toward Father Burke who has practically never been known to crack a smile in the memory of the oldest graduate.

Not more than five minutes ago, during the break between study hall hours, Father Burke called me and showed me a letter which Mrs. Heath had written to him about Peter. It described Peter to a tee. All of the letter was praiseworthy about him, and had been written just about Peter and nothing else. Father Burke was astonished and asked me if it was all true, and I told him it was, and he said in that case PETER GETS IN! ! . . .

Say hello to the little kids for me please, and tell them "Big Dave" will be home soon.

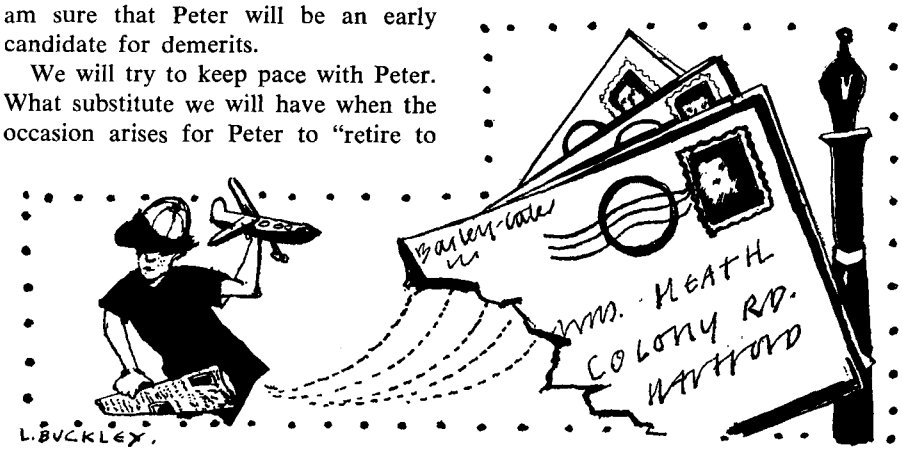
Love and prayers,
YOUR SON DAVID

March 15, 1958

Dear Pete:

Boy, does Mrs. Heath sure have your number. Father Burke said he can hardly wait to get you up here to knock it out of you. Love and kisses.

DAVE □



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RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS

William Ball v. ACLU et al.

M. J. SOBRAN

RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS PROVOKE CHURCH-STATE CONFLICT. That is one way of putting it: the way of a *New York Times* headline. It's the religious schools, you see, that are doing the provoking.

As readers of Russell Kirk's column here won't need reminding, there's another way of putting it: GOVERNMENT LEANS ON CHURCH SCHOOLS, say. Possible subhead: "Oddsmakers Favor Goliath." So far David is still very much in the fight, though.

David, in this case, is represented by Mr. William Ball, the Harrisburg attorney whom James J. Kilpatrick has called "the Clarence Darrow of religious freedom." He has won precedent-setting cases before the U.S. Supreme Court on behalf of Amish, Dunkard, and Catholic schools. Lately, in the Kentucky and North Carolina cases Mr. Kirk has reported on, he has been battling a new form of harassment: the use of state "standards" (of teacher accreditation and even curriculum content) to close down religious schools. The special ugliness of the new attack is that the states have prosecuted parents, under truancy laws, for failing to withdraw their children from the proscribed schools.

In the first place, Ball argues, these children are out-performing students in the public schools. The state standards are ineffectual, arbitrary, and changeable, if not simply phony. More important, the states have no *right* to regulate religious schools.

For one thing, state regulation assumes the public schools to be a "model" for all other schools, an anti-pluralist hypothesis. And this assumption causes Ball to ask "what the 'model' is all about, what kind of results the 'model' is achieving, and whether the methods or philosophy pursued by the 'model' could be pursued by Christian school administrators if they were to be faithful to religious conscience." Besides, while these standards may be appropriate for a state's own schools, the states in question have failed to show any "compelling interest" for imposing them elsewhere.

Ball brilliantly exploits precedents once thought unfavorable to parochial schools. The Supreme Court, deploring church-state "entanglement," has struck down state aid to those schools on grounds that they are "an integral part of the religious mission" of the churches. If so, says Ball, it follows that regulation constitutes just such entanglement, and an unconstitutional interference with that religious mission.

In the famous Amish case (*Wisconsin* v. *Yoder*, 1972), Ball elicited from the Supreme Court the vital doctrine that it is "the fundamental interest of parents to guide the religious future and education of their children. This primary role of the parents in the upbringing of their children is now established beyond debate as an enduring American institution." This was a serious blow to the notion that the minds of children are principally the dominion of government. Applied consistently, it suggests the special virtue of private schools in expressing parental values in ways public schools cannot. If parents wish to avail themselves of public schools, they should be able to do so—but without prejudice to their right to select schools more in accord with their convictions.

How far the state has a compelling or even legitimate interest in a minimal standard of general education is an interesting question, but subordinate to the principle that the education of Johnny Smith is mainly the prerogative of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. If they fail to send Johnny to any school and he grows up illiterate, let them be liable. Meanwhile, let us not take it for granted that the state knows best. Requiring education is not quite the same thing as encouraging it.

Solution? A voucher plan would be a fair one, of course. But this splendid idea has been frustrated by muddlement over the even more splendid idea of religious freedom. Many people (misguided by the propaganda of the NEA, the ACLU, and other looming acronyms in our national life) suppose that it is unconstitutional for a dime of government money to wind up in some clergyman's pocket. But if the state is going to insist on education for everyone, it should permit as much freedom as possible. If it is going to put up the money for education, it should allow people to buy whatever kind they want (assuming a truly *minimal* definition of education), irrespective of whether they choose a religious or secular form. We don't forbid welfare recipients to spend their government checks on churches, Bibles, and rosaries. If parents use voucher money to find a congenial school that will teach their children basics, is it "constitutional" to insist that anything beyond the required minimum be non-religious? We should either stop subsidizing education or else make arrangements that don't operate to the detriment of religious people. The present system is surely less in keeping with the purposes of the First Amendment than one which is truly neutral toward, or even partial to, religion.

AND THE STATE *should* look with favor on religion. If there is a "preferred" freedom in our Constitution, it is the first one listed, which presupposes the special value of religion and seeks to protect its integrity. In recent years the "no establishment" clause (actually the "no law respecting the establishment" clause) has been misread as instituting a kind of veiled hostility to religious belief. But as philosopher Joseph Tussman finely put it, neutrality among particular religions does not imply indifference to religion in general, any more than the referee's impartiality between Michigan and Ohio State implies indifference to football. Obviously our commitment to religion is prior to our commitment to education.

What form should the state's pro-religion policy take? Subsidy? Tax exemption? Or merely special vigilance in protecting religion? A tough question. But as Mr. Ball's struggle attests, the state could, for openers, call off its dogs. □

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THE PRESS

A Conservative Applauds The Monitor

JOHN K. ANDREWS JR.

You call yourself a conservative. Fine. You know what you believe about man, his communities and their government. You know what candidates you like in the next election and where you stand on the issues. But tell me this, my friend: What does your conservatism have to say about journalism and the mass media?

Yes, you subscribe to the right journals, you belong to Accuracy in Media, you've read Efron, Herschensohn, and Kevin Phillips. You see exactly what the *Times* and Cronkite and the rest are trying to do to this country and you'll be damned if you're going to let them do it. Fine again; I'm with you. But do we realize just how largely all of our activity and concern is confined to the question of *access*—control, command—in an existing news industry under existing ground rules? How much it takes for granted the more basic question of *process* which underlies the whole system?

The news and information web of a democratic society is its nervous system. Poison that system, drug it, drive it to excess—and free institutions will sicken. A true conservatism, then, enjoins us to the urgent work of conserving (in some cases restoring) fundamental values of ends and means in the journalism of our time—a work far deeper than the superficial Agnew skirmishes over news balance and viewpoint that have preoccupied the Right for most of a decade now.

What *kind* of print publications, what *kind* of electronic news dissemination, will best equip the millions for citizenship under ordered freedom, for decision-making in a mass democracy? What image of man should the news industry hold? What should be its operative definitions of truth, relevance, progress, justice, and so on—not simply the definitions held to by individual players in the game, but those built into the structure itself? And—once the answers to such meta-issues begin to emerge—how can we perform the Augean task of conserving and restoring our media without violating exactly those values of diversity, liberty, noncoercion, and open markets (in ideas and in commerce) that we honor most?

One gentle but potent weapon available to anyone with a printing press (the citadel of broadcasting can be stormed later) is the contagiousness of success. This weapon is already being wielded in some quarters where many conservatives might not think to look, so my nomination for the most effective combatant of all may surprise you: it's the Boston-based *Christian Science Monitor*. As I see it, the *Monitor*'s crisp, penetrating, dignified, yet lively coverage of events and trends presents not only a clear picture of the present day, but a prophetic glimpse ahead to what increasing numbers of America's news organs must become if we are to fashion the sort of future conservatives hope for. You and I may not agree with the paper on religion, and it may not agree with us on politics—yet we could find no firmer ally in our shared commitment to the profoundest kind of media reform.

Its offbeat name notwithstanding, the tabloid *Monitor* is a bona-fide hard-news daily newspaper. The paper's national coverage is strong. Its Washington bureau chief is Godfrey "Budge" Sperling, whose breakfast briefings have become one of the capital's most prestigious newsmaking forums. Garnish is provided by fifty-year man Richard Strout, a fine reporter, for all his liberal passion. Energetic bureaus are maintained in other major U.S. cities, and the *Monitor* tries to post its real stars to the London, Paris, Bonn, Moscow, and Tokyo offices. Keen observers report from Asia, Africa, the Midwest, and Latin America. Departments such as economics, education, the natural sciences, home and family, entertainment, literature, and the arts are covered more thoughtfully and conservatively, though in less mechanical detail, by the *Monitor*'s specialists than by any metropolitan daily in my acquaintance.

The *Monitor*'s op-ed articles offer a wide cross-section of writers, staff and guests, ranging from centrist to a bit on either side. The paper's own editorials, at their best, achieve a tough-minded idealism that is very constructive indeed. Compassion, political independence, courage, and the long view are *Monitor* trademarks. But that is *Monitor* editorials at their best. There *is* a fly in the ointment: not infrequently, blandness, a slightly preachy tone, and the cheery chirp of Pollyanna manage to creep in as well. This can give *Monitor* pronouncements a shifting ideological coloration that is rather like Hubert Humphrey on some days, 21-karat Goldwater on others.

In one sense, perhaps, the *Monitor* is a cousin to some of the specialized kinds of journalism that have been profiled in these pages from time to time in M. J. Sobran's "The Printed Word": the news magazines, the journals of opinion, and the activist intellectual magazines like *Commentary* and *Commonweal* which serve major religious groups. But in another sense, the *Monitor* is one of a kind. Openly committed to a mission of spiritually leavening human thought—or, as founder Mary Baker Eddy put it, "to spread[ing] undivided the Science that operates un-

(Continues on page 47)

Mr. Andrews, a former White House speechwriter, now directs an international youth group based in Denver.

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One of the biggest gold strikes since Sutter's Mill.

The yield: 3,000 pounds of pure gold.

But it didn't come from a mine. It came from a Western Electric factory.

A new kind of Midas Touch

That's where Western Electric's new process for plating gold is *conserving* the precious metal, through increased efficiency and precision. It's producing better switching components for the Bell System, to make your phone service clearer and more reliable than ever.

It must be gold that's plated to the switching components you see glittering in the photograph because no other metal can provide the same kind of efficient, reliable, durable, and clear telephone transmission.

But until now, gold-plating had always been a messy and imprecise process. There had been no way to control it accurately. No way to avoid depositing excess gold on the places it was intended to go. And on the places it wasn't.

So Western Electric, working with Bell Labs, designed a totally new system to do the job. Combining the best of electro-chemical and programmed logic control technologies, the new system can plate gold with hair-thin precision. Depositing only the desired amount, only on the designated spot. With no waste whatsoever.

Gilt-edged savings

Besides producing a much better product, Western Electric has mined a savings of $9 million from the process. And that's another way we're helping your Bell Telephone Company hold down the cost of your phone service.

Even bigger benefits

And since the new process uses 55% less gold than the old one, we could more than double production of our improved switching component. Without consuming any more of the shiny natural resource.

But there are more environmental plusses. The new process has almost completely eliminated the gaseous wastes plating used to produce. It's cut the liquid wastes by 90%. And it runs on 67% less power.

This improved gold-plating technique is another way Western Electric is working to hold down the cost, while continually raising the quality of your phone service.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

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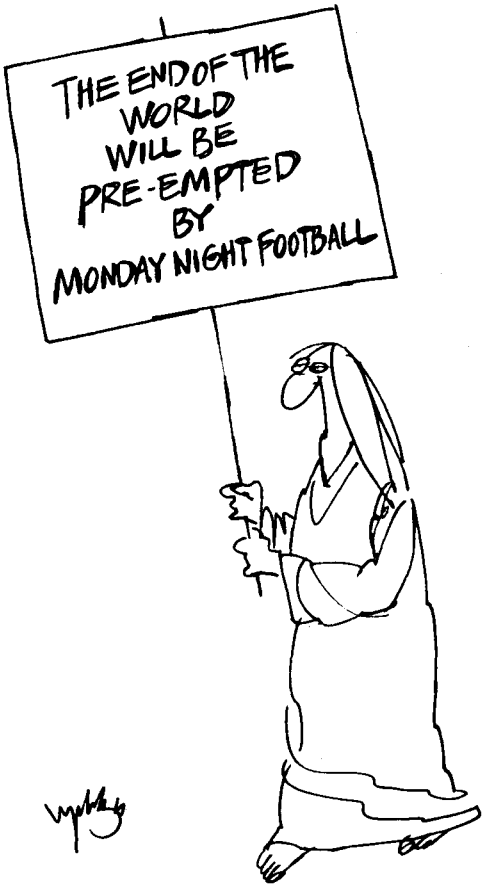
help!!!!

Jimmy Sings

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

I came upon a volunteer
  When I was still out in the cold,
And to this innocent, I made clear
  The programs I would unfold.
"Peace!" cried the volunteer, wet of eye,
  As I started crooning, like Bing,
A song of pie in the Christmas sky
  To snow that ding-a-ling.

W. H. VON DREELE



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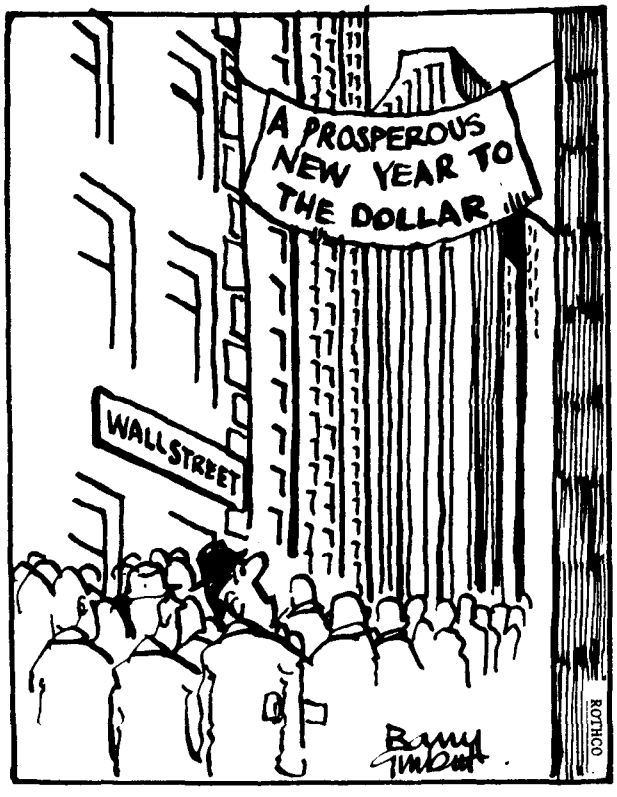
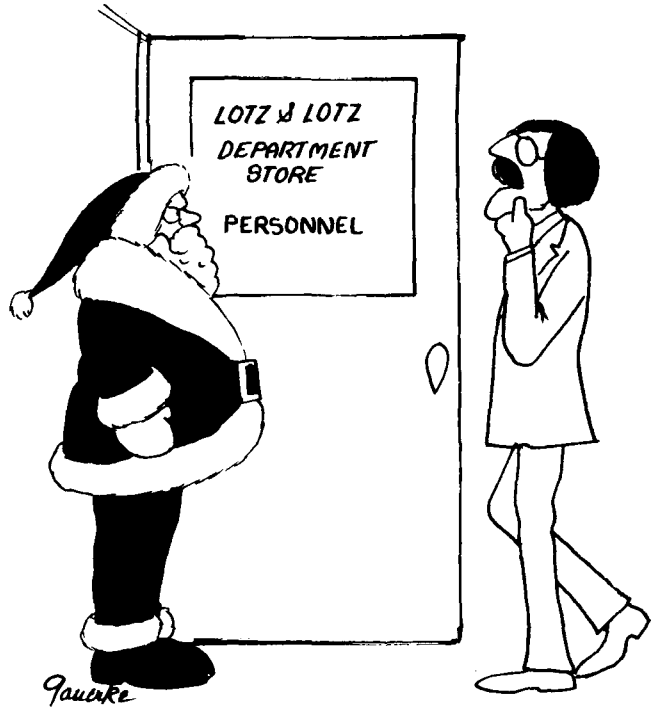
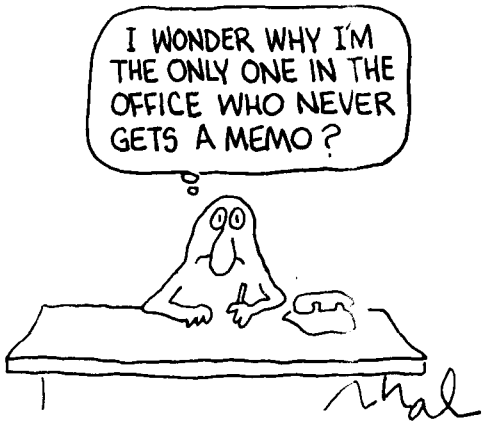




"You do indeed look very ho, ho, ho, but two weeks' maternity leave in December is out of the question."



"You're a has-been, I'm a might-have-been, and Eddie's a never-will!"

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ORTHODOXY

The answer for twentieth century Christianity lies not in "high-sounding, low-slugging Freudian or Marxian polemic." If Christianity is to go forward, it should, in a sense, go backward

The Cusp of the Second Millennium

THOMAS ODEN

An unexpected realization came to me the day I had to pack up my books for shipment to the distant spot where I was to spend a change-of-pace research year. I was to be away from my personal library for an entire year, a prospect that gives any bibliophile teeth-rattling separation anxieties, and I was forced to make harsh choices about which volumes to take and which to leave behind. If I shipped too many books, the cost would be atrocious.

As I began to make my second- and third-round eliminations, a pattern became apparent to me: I was picking Aeschylus, Clement of Alexandria, Epictetus, Tertullian, Nemesius, John Chrysostom, Augustine, Boethius, Dante, Hugh of St. Victor, Anselm. Many of these books I had already read, but they seemed important to take with me. Finally it hit me: I was choosing *no* books from the twentieth century! The most recent ones in my shipment list were Bushnell, Nietzsche, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Did that mean I was bored with the twentieth century? Hardly, for I teach several courses, and enjoy teaching them, in twentieth century theology. The truth is, however, that I found the pre-modern writers more significant for my growth, more crucial for my own being, than the scientific and literary achievements of the twentieth century.

That day, I learned something pivotally important about myself. It felt as if the second Christian millennium was, spiritually, already over for me. It was as if it had burnt itself out twenty years or so before its official demise. I discovered to my astonishment that if I had to I *could* do without Hippolytus and Aquinas and Nicolas of Cusa and *Theologia Germanica* and Maimonides and Pascal and Kierkegaard.

Cuspis means a pointed end, or projection formed by converging curves. In horoscopy, a cusp is the tail end of one period or the beginning of another, often a time of uncertainty and volatility. One might say that we are rapidly coming to the cusp of the second Christian millennium. It offers us the exceptional possibility of rethinking the meaning of the first two millennia, and the challenge of preparing ourselves for the third.

We have witnessed in these waning stages of the second millennium a powerful polemic against what has been called "repression"—sexual repression (Freud), class repression (Marx), and political repression (Marcuse). We now have seen enough of these polemicists to understand at least two things: a) what is called repression is often either the legitimate protest of inner conscience or a carefully balanced and hard won equilibrium of social tradition, and b) the social and psychological alternatives that are proposed in the name of counter-repression are themselves often even more profoundly oppressive, both to conscience and to community. This is one of the harshest but most certain lessons learnt by post-modern youth—and since they could not learn it from history, they were forced to learn from hard experience.

Twentieth century theology has too cheaply and prematurely sided with this high-sounding, low-slugging Freudian and Marxian polemic. But that is merely the tip of the iceberg. The whole direction of twentieth century theology—following well-established trends of nineteenth century religious accommodationism—has been toward finding some convenient means of legitimization in the context of modernity. But by now many of us are experiencing a gnawing disenchantment with the disenchantments of modernity. It is time to spoil the spoilers and debunk the debunkers.

The One-Way Bridge

Can traditional Christianity—which speaks of the covenant love of God that saves us from sin and death—illumine interpersonal sufferings and redeem broken human relationships? This is a critical question on the agenda of contemporary theology, around which many secondary questions cluster.

We have amassed far more data than we have learned to utilize in the scientific study of human interaction. The task ahead for Christian teaching is to grasp afresh the classical Christian tradition as a power that transforms the disorders of our interpersonal existence. How, we are asking, can we translate the wisdom of classical Christianity into personal forms that make a difference in the way we live our lives together?

Mr. Oden is a professor of theology at Drew University. This article is excerpted from his Agenda for Theology, *due in February from Harper & Row.*

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Personally, I have spent most of my career working span by span on a bridge between psychology and religion. Just how incessantly preoccupied I have been with this theological bridge is clear from the titles of my books: *Kerygma and Counseling, Contemporary Theology and Psychotherapy, The Structure of Awareness, The Intensive Group Experience, After Therapy What?, Game Free*, and *TAG: The Transactional Awareness Game.* I have paid my dues to cross-cultural studies. I mention this for the benefit of readers who might otherwise imagine that theologians these days are holed up in a doctrinal ivory tower to the neglect of contemporary science and society.

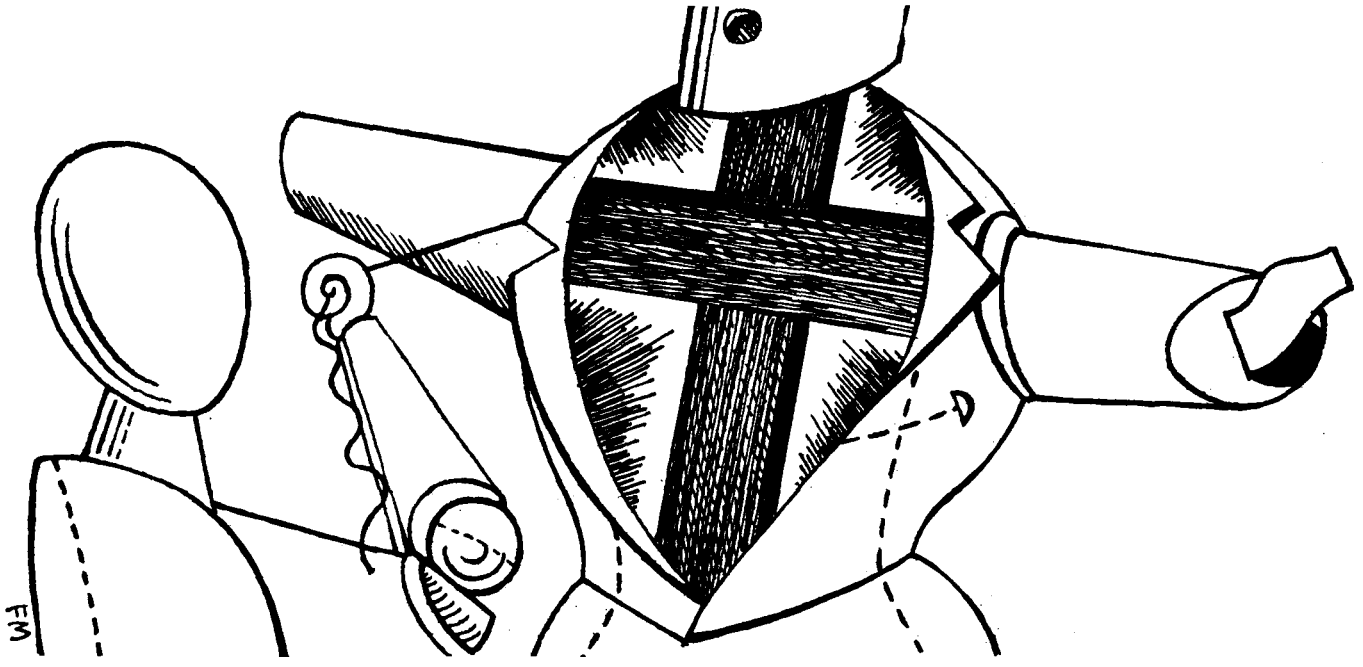
After two decades of bridge-building, however, it is finally dawning on me that the traffic on the bridge is moving one way only. Theology has listened to psychology far more accurately, emphatically, and attentively than psychology has listened to theology. I do not cease to hope for a real dialogue, but there is as little evidence that theology is ready to speak in such a dialogue as there is that psychology is ready to listen. Above all, the bridge will not be built by the complete acquiescence of theology to the reductionist assumptions of psychology, or by relinquishing key religious postulates like Providence and Resurrection.

The last century of the second millennium now faces the demoralization of seeing its own promises unfulfilled. There are many angles from which to behold the failure of modern psychologies, philosophies, sciences, and politics, but the most revealing nexus of these failures, I think, lies in the impotence of modernity to sustain interpersonal covenants. Wherever we look—marriage, friendship, politics—we see the failure of modern, quasi-scientific, naturalistic values to nurture just relationships and responsible love.

This is most easily seen in the popular image of marriage as purely a cost-benefit calculus instead of a solemn promise. With that reasoning, when costs increase, the relationship ends. The disastrous results are strewn everywhere about us. The increase in crime, social pathology, and anomie has its root in the loss of the primary center of social formation, the family, and the diaspora of the family has its root in the abandonment of solemnly covenanted and durably bonded matrimony. At heart it is a theological failure and not merely a social, political, or psychological "setback." The reason this has not been sooner recognized by avant garde religious leaders is precisely that their accommodationist predilections have severely reduced critical perception. For modernity still persists in fantasizing history as a progressive evolution toward ever-better forms wherein our most vexing moral dilemmas will finally be solved through improved education, technology, and moral suasion. If you begin with these ideological blinders, you will certainly fail to see the social disasters that will follow in your wake, because you have already decided that such disasters cannot really persist in a truly modern world.

If the Blind Lead the Blind . . .

I am not an alarmist about the future of marriage, not only because two out of three divorces end in marriage, but because the hunger for covenanted fidelity is structured into human sexuality. And I do not wish to take a strictly rigorous moralistic line against divorce that admits of no exceptions—I know people who have grown magnificently through these breaks. But I cannot let the subject go without attempting an observation that I find extremely difficult to articulate as deeply as I feel its importance warrants without appearing simplistic or judgmental. It is this: that the recent history of divorce is the key sign of the failure of modernity to sustain the notion of a covenant in personal relationships. Modernity has finally achieved the profound concept that marriage is "a piece of paper," a superego intrusion, an establishment voyeurism on "two people in love." When marriage is no longer a solemnly bonded promise before God with the intent of irrevocability, it quickly turns into a hedonic contract that is rejected as flippantly as it is entered into.



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We have been going, as Jeremiah said (7:24), "backward, and not forward." We eat, "but are not satisfied" (Lev. 26:26). We have looked to the modern academic and clinical centers to tell the church what it is supposed to be doing and what its values are, only to find that "if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch" (Matt. 15:14). At the height of our supposed powers, we moderns are "stumbling at noon day as in the night; we are in desolate places as dead men" (Isa. 59:10).

Sometimes it seems that only a few may survive the desolations of modernity—"the longsuffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a-preparing, wherein few . . . were saved by water" (I Pet. 3:20). In that remnant will be only the hardiest and most realistic.

A Willingness to Fight

The sociology of orthodoxy is such an intriguing subject, it amazes me that it has been so steadfastly avoided by sociologists.

I recently asked several outstanding university sociologists if they could think of a single definitive work on the sociology of orthodoxy. They could not. I later made a bibliographical search myself and found that they were right. There is a fair amount of talk about pattern maintenance, legitimization, authority, and social control, but virtually none on orthodoxy as a sociological type.

A New York museum recently presented an exhibit entitled "The Orthodox Experience," a powerful visual statement of the living social experience of Orthodox Jews. The focus was on the human experience rather than on a set of abstract ideas. So delightful was this exhibit that I could not help wondering why we have neglected the social, experiential side of Christian orthodoxy as we have, while overstressing doctrinal abstractions, as if they could be disconnected from a vibrant living community. In fact, there can be no orthodox ideas without an orthodox community that has been lively enough to sustain itself across generations.

The exhibit also made me regret that we liberal Protestants have formed our Jewish associations largely with liberal, culturally accommodative Jews, thereby missing much of the tough sociological substance of the Jewish experience. Through the accommodative lens both the Orthodox and the Hasidic Jew have looked to us like a dated, slightly comic residue of a passing ghetto experience. But through powerful writers such as Abraham Heschel, Eliezer Berkovits, Emil Fackenheim, and Elie Wiesel, post-moderns are beginning to learn more of the depth and vitality of the experience of Orthodox Jews, and even to perceive it as a powerful sociological paradigm not only for Jews but for Christians as well.

Just as the theology of orthodoxy requires a concept of heterodoxy, so does the sociology of orthodoxy require the drawing of lines that imply non-legitimization and social rejection. We can see this working both theologically and sociologically in Orthodox Judaism.

First, on the theological level, we note that several terms were used in the Talmudic and rabbinic literature to refer to heresy or heterodoxy. The Talmudic *min* (heretic, sectarian) was one who denied Israel's chosenness, the oneness of God, or the authority of the rabbis. Another rabbinic term for heresy, *apikoros*, referred to anyone who negated rabbinic authority, who turned from the Commandments and denied the Torah, or whose views were in general "free from restraint." Among views considered heretical by Maimonides were the denial of creation *ex nihilo*, of prophecy, of divine revelation, or of God's incorporeality. Other authorities extended the term *apikoros* to include anyone who insulted the office of the rabbis. Another term, *kopfer* (a freethinker or heretic), was used especially of those who delighted in pointing out supposed contradictions between scriptural texts. Someone was considered a *mumar* (one who "changes" or "converts") even if he rejected only one Commandment of the Torah.

Various forms of social control and group rejection were developed to express sociologically the lines that were drawn theologically between orthodoxy and heterodoxy. The treatment of the *minim* by Orthodox Jews ranged from not sharing meals to forms of banning and excommunication. In some times and places heterodoxy was opposed by means of a ban prohibiting marriage, or by denying burial rites. Meat slaughtered by a *min* was forbidden; scrolls transcribed by a *min* were barred from use. At times *minim* were kept out of the synagogue on the grounds that they would undermine the faith of the community, jeopardize the inner stability of the community, and/or scandalize the Jewish community before the surrounding world.

What is post-modern Christian theology learning from

(Continues on page 47)

O Ye Who Lead, Take Heed

When the weatherman assures you
That the sun is going to shine,
But it rains, what blind faith lures you
To believe his fickle line?

When your doctor, diagnosing
Your condition, orders pills,
But your pain outlasts his dosing,
Are you doubtful of his skills?

When a politician, gloating
Over wrongs he'll rectify
But does not, will you be voting
For the opposition guy?

How delightful if providers
Of such services would show
The aplomb to be confiders
That in fact they just don't know.

CORINNA MARSH

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Selling The West

ONE OF THE more mind-boggling ironies of the cold war unfolded back in 1972 when Richard Nixon announced the blockade of Haiphong harbor to stop the flow of war materiel to North Vietnam.

In support of Nixon's action, the Department of Defense released reconnaissance photos showing the Soviet cargo vessel *Michurin* steaming toward Haiphong, with rows of Soviet trucks filling it to the gunwales. The point of this disclosure was that the trucks would be used to convoy men and supplies from North Vietnam to prosecute the war against the South, and that the military danger thus created required a hard-nosed response by the U.S.

What the Nixon spokesmen did not say was that the trucks transported to Haiphong, and the cargo ship that moved them, were products of our own technology. The diesel engine that powered the *Michurin* was designed and built in the United States. The trucks it carried were products of an auto plant constructed for the Soviets by a U.S. firm in the 1930s—a vivid illustration of the way allegedly peaceful trade can have warlike consequences

If the irony ended there, the situation would have been bad enough, but this was only the beginning. For even as the President announced his condign action to halt the flow of Soviet trucks to North Vietnam, his Administration was moving briskly forward with a plan to have American companies build for the Soviets the largest truck factory in the world—a $5-billion, forty-square-mile industrial monster six hundred miles from Moscow. This colossal facility, when completed, will have a production capacity larger than the entire U.S. truck-manufacturing industry.

That episode summarized, with grim economy, a central paradox of American policy in the cold war: the fact that the Soviet war machine which fuels aggression around the globe and threatens the survival of our nation is almost entirely a product of our own contriving—built and nourished by American technology. The point was driven home a few years ago by Antony Sutton of the Hoover Institution in his classic three-volume study, *Western Technology and Soviet Development*. Sutton showed in profuse detail that warships, tanks, airplanes, trucks, scout cars, ammunition, explosives, and countless other military items have been produced *en masse* in the Soviet Union by plants, and from designs, provided to the Kremlin by Western industry.

If anything, the problem has intensified since Sutton wrote. Miles Costick of the Task Force on Strategic Trade points out that Western–Japanese nonagricultural exports to the USSR approximately tripled between 1973 and 1978—increasing from $5.1 billion to $14.8 billion. Included in this rising tide of commerce are machinery to make ball bearings used in missile production, advanced computers required for missile guidance and deployment of other military forces, and—most recently—$144 million worth of machinery needed to make sophisticated oil-well drilling equipment. The last-named transaction was approved by President Carter despite the protest of a Pentagon task force which pointed out the strategic and military applications of the technology in question.

ALL OF WHICH has prompted a bipartisan group of congressmen to seek corrective action. In mid-September, Representative Clarence Miller (R., Ohio) submitted legislation titled "The Technology Transfer Act" (HR-14081), which would reassert congressional control of trade with the Communist bloc and inhibit technological transfers that strengthen the war-making potential of the enemy. Equally important, the bill would part the veil of secrecy that the Executive Branch has draped around this subject to conceal the enormity of its conduct from the American people.

Miller points to the nature of the problem in a single area, that of computer technology: "Virtually all emerging weapons technologies—including gyros, lasers, avionics, and nucleonics —are . . . dependent on computers. In fact, without computers, most modern weapons systems could not be built, integrated, tested, deployed, or operated. Computer technology in the Soviet Union is almost entirely imported from the West, and literally all significant advances in computer technology have been of Western origin. In the last four years, U.S. computer and electronics manufacturers have sold the Soviet Union and its satellites over $300 million in computers and equipment."

Miller's bill, co-sponsored by Representatives Robert Dornan (R., Calif.), Jack Edwards (R., Ala.), Richard Ichord (D., Mo.), Melvin Price (D., Ill.), and Lester Wolff (D., N.Y.), would put a stop to such incredible transactions. It would require the Commerce Department to notify Congress of any license the export control office plans to grant for export of goods or technology to Communist or other "controlled" nations; mandate full disclosure of the identity of exporters (now generally concealed), the nature of the goods to be exported, their dollar value and destination; require the Pentagon to issue a "military impact statement"; and prohibit transfer of goods and technologies determined to have significant military, law-enforcement, or intelligence value. Such transactions may be vetoed by a majority vote in either house of Congress.

The logic of the bill is aptly summarized by Representative Wolff. "There have been countless examples of technology transfer," he says, "which have blatant military, police, or intelligence-gathering potential. It is time that the Congress has something to say in this process, that Congress be able to veto those transfers which have such potential. . . . It doesn't make much sense that Congress now has a veto over arms sales . . . but has no power to veto the sale of advanced computers and other high technology, which could hurt our national security as much as any bomb or missile." □

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Clerics in the Kitchen

Out of This World

MALACHI B. MARTIN

OVER THE LAST 15 years, the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, under the leadership and authority of its bishops, has become mainly two things. It is, first and most stridently, a jumbled shop-front jammed with a motley array of political issues, civil squabbles, sociological experiments, and psychological theories.

Second, and more poignantly, it is a gristmill grinding down the hope and enthusiasm of faithful believers who know that their bishops have neglected the purity of faith and the practice of religion in their Church, in favor of such issues as environmental pollution, ethnic rights, land distribution, the Panama Canal, Rhodesian chrome, and the evils of U.S. capitalism.

Against that background, one is surprised that the hierarchy seems surprised at finding itself on a collision course with the Federal Government in several of its departments and regulatory agencies, and with the Carter Administration in particular. That it is on such a course is clear even from the recent meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops (NCCB) in Washington, D.C. It was a rude awakening. For a long time now, the NCCB and the Catholic activists under its authority have indulged themselves in playing socio-political footsie with the state. Their stance has in the main been on the liberal side.

But now the heat-level in the pressure-cooker of politics has been raised, and clerics are finding it tough to stay in the kitchen. At that NCCB meeting, the discussion centered on a document entitled, "Underlying Rationale of Recent Governmental Incursions in Church Bodies." The principal points of contention concerned tax-exempt status, school funding, and labor relations. There was nearly unanimous agreement among the bishops that their Church was undergoing severe harassment, and that the rights of Roman Catholics were being violated.

The remedies and strategies they discussed were exclusively socio-political. Pathetically, if quite unintentionally, Bishop Joseph McNicholas (Springfield, Illinois) expressed this mind-set in cameo: the Administration, he complained, that "used" the bishops in order to pass the Panama Canal Treaty and the Humphrey-Hawkins Act is the same Administration that has begun harassing the Catholic Church. Now, don't the bishop and his colleagues know they had no business being "used" by any Administration for political purposes? If they are "used," they become like any other political lobby—trading favors, building credits, calling in chips, paying the price if and when they haven't any chips to call in. In the politicians' game, if hamstringing Roman Catholic institutions will gain more votes—without disrupting Catholic voting lines—well, then, why not?

Clerics as Politicians

Why not, indeed! For such are the de facto thought-processes of the bishops themselves. Clerical power has come to be automatically measured in terms of city hall, the statehouse, the Federal Government, banks, corporations. And, for quite a long time now, nobody has seen American churchmen exercise purely moral and spiritual authority. But, if whatever political reserves the hierarchy thought to trade for its real reserves of spirit are useless or used up, churchmen have a severe problem: they are not taken seriously by their own faithful, and non-Catholics think of Catholic standpoints as merely political, thinly masked behind pseudo-religious language. How, for instance, can any sincere pro-abortionist think that the Catholic hierarchy is anti-abortion out of genuine belief, when Congressman and Reverend Robert Drinan is on record as a down-the-line pro-abortionist and yet remains in good standing as a priest? Would any Jewish organization keep a rabbi on its rolls who supported the Palestinian bombings in Israel?

In the last few years, some Catholic columnists have begun screaming about anti-Catholicism in this country—the governmental incursions, the media insults, the political disenfranchisement of any opinion with a Catholic flavor. One columnist seems to advocate the methods adopted by some hundreds of desperate Jewish Hasidim in the Borough Park section of Brooklyn: they stormed the 66th Precinct station, littered the floors with vandalized files, injured some sixty policemen, and captured enough headlines to force the authorities to listen to them. The temptation is great to think that freedom of religious life can be won and maintained by such direct action.

Sacred and Unsacred

But when you think about it, that is just what the American bishops have been doing for some years now. The time has come to give up storming police stations, city halls, statehouses, and the halls of Congress. Those who lead the single largest religious body in this country must move away from the cultivation of socio-political strength in the long, painful hunt for the successful Americanization of Catholicism. A task far more in keeping with their sacred calling awaits them.

The bishops would do well to retire into seclusion, to pray and to meditate on the character of their calling and on what should be their real reserves—the integrity of belief and the purity of practice among their adherents. It is time for the bishops to ponder the bitter fact that, as an organization of believers, the Catholic Church in this country is suffering from misdirection, pseudo-liberties, and ecclesiastical neglect. Also, perhaps the bishops would do well to recall in this context a few words spoken by their new Pope: "As it was in Poland then, so it will be elsewhere today and tomorrow. If we had relied on politics, we would have perished. But we relied only on the power of Jesus' spirit. And we were stronger than all our enemies." □

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Beyond Survival

Strategy of Survival
By Brian Crozier
Arlington House, 224 pp., $8.95

NORMAN B. HANNAH

Reading Brian Crozier's new book is a spiritually rending experience for a member of the generation that grew up between the Armistice in 1918 and Munich in 1938; for one whose political adulthood was shaped by appeasement, Popular Front, war, false peace, Soviet expansion, Western awakening, and cold war, arriving today at detente, and tomorrow—who knows? Appeasement again? Crozier opens by writing, "The time for compromise and evasion is over. There is no time left."

Amen. In the first nine chapters, he provides an illuminating review of the kaleidoscopic events of the Third World War—which he has organized into categories such as satellization, insurgency, and Indochina, and, more abstractly, "flux and doubt" (the Khrushchev period), "the world revolutionary process," "the military-naval program," "Operation Detente," etc.—always clarifying the continuity of the USSR's drive toward world domination. But grim as some of these events were, the reader is still cruelly shocked—as if entering an icy pool after a steam-bath—upon reading the last two chapters, and realizing how deeply our sense of belief and purpose has decayed since the galvanic Western awakening in 1947 and since James Burnham's seminal *The Struggle for the World* (1947) and *Containment or Liberation?* (1952). The juxtaposition of this book to Burnham's is made by Crozier himself, and it is apt, because the Third World War that Crozier describes is the same war that Burnham identified in 1947 as having begun in Greece in 1944. The crisis we face today, after 34 years of World War III, is the crisis which, in 1947, Burnham foresaw as the sure consequence of our adopting a purely defensive policy—a policy which in fact was launched the same year by George Kennan under the name "containment."

One of Crozier's perceptions which should be absorbed by Western molders of opinion is the difference between the Soviet and the Western definitions of "cold war" and "detente." For us, these terms refer to behavior on both sides of the ideological frontier. But, says Crozier, "in Soviet eyes, the cold war is a one-way process: hostile words and deeds against the Soviet Union and its allies, coming entirely from the Western side."

Whatever we do to them that they don't like is called "cold war"; what they do to us is called "detente." Quoting an article by Boris Ponomarev that appeared in *World Marxist Review* in 1974, Crozier shows that, in the Soviet view, "'International detente means extending and carrying deeper the ideological struggle, and [it] does not mean "peaceful coexistence" of the two opposed ideologies.'" Putting this theorem into practice, Brezhnev persuaded the Iron Curtain countries to take part in the Helsinki Conference—the epitome of detente—by telling them: "Trust us, comrades. For by 1985, as a consequence of what we are now achieving with detente, we will have achieved most of our objectives in Western Europe . . . [By 1985] we will have consolidated our position. We will have improved our economy. And a decisive shift in the correlation of forces will be such that, come 1985, we will be able to exert our will whenever we need to."

However, because, as Crozier says, "this is an urgent book," he has oversimplified certain concepts: e.g., he calls the world outside Communist control simply the "Target Area." He favors this term over "Free World" or "anti-Communist countries" because it reflects the passivity of the area and because it is ideologically neutral. But this is precisely the problem, and, although fully aware of it, Crozier seems to be trying to finesse it. For neutrality and passivity are at the core of the crisis, which won't be overcome until a dynamic ideological or spiritual force arises to put us on the offensive. Crozier points out that the Soviets *cannot* abandon Marxist dogma, because "it is the only claim to legitimacy of the ruling party in the Soviet Union." True enough, but applying the same proposition to our side suggests that the "sickness of the West," including what Crozier calls its "self-inflicted wounds," results from the West's having forsaken *its* claim to legitimacy by losing faith in its own rightness. "What are we defending?" Crozier asks himself, and he answers that we are defending a "way of life." But the essence of what makes this way of life worth defending does not emerge. Perhaps he assumes we all

Norman B. Hannah, *who is retired from the Foreign Service, is a contributing editor of* NR. . . . **Forrest McDonald** *is an historian and the author of numerous books; his most recent is a biography of Thomas Jefferson.*

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know. A dangerous assumption—but then, Crozier wants to get on to his recommended operational strategy.

Now for the cold shower. The last chapter sets forth a number of operationally useful measures—for example, extending NATO's geographical purview; establishing an anti-terrorist task force in NATO and departments of unconventional warfare in member countries; stopping the flow of grain, credits, and technology to the USSR; setting up proxy armies trained in Africa; discarding the Helsinki pact—but it does not, as a whole, seem to match the preceding chapters in either urgency or philosophical direction. Without evaluating each of these measures on its merits, one can see that there is something fundamentally wrong with the whole batch: the West has no stomach for them. Imagine proposing them to a NATO conference or to our Congress or to Carter, Callaghan, and Giscard!

In a second category, Crozier lists a series of internal measures such as limits on dissent; measures to curb subversion in unions and in colleges; official secrets acts; registration of Soviet "agents of influence" and Communist Front organizations; loyalty declarations; etc. But this is not entirely satisfactory either: having been told of the "sickness of the West," illustrated by the emasculation of the FBI and CIA and by the Communist penetration of the British Labor Party, we need to be told how to treat the disease, not its symptoms.

It is this rending discontinuity that sent me back to the shelf to reread those two Burnham books, written at a time of electric purpose in the West. "The trouble with a merely defensive policy," he said, "is that, however successfully pursued, it leaves unsolved the problems which generate the crisis in world politics. The intolerable unbalance of world political forces would remain. . . . We are lost if our opponent so much as holds his own." (*Struggle for the World.*) Crozier recalls Burnham's saying that containment was "designed to confront the Russians with unalterable counterforce at every point where they show signs of encroaching on the interests of a peaceful and stable world." Ironically, the Communists are far better placed to carry out a policy of containment than is an open society, which is vulnerable to protracted pressure: a vulnerability which finally undid us in Indochina. And, in fact, the Soviets have successfully kept their society free from unwelcome outside influences, a feat which we cannot accomplish. In addition, they have coupled *their* use of containment with an offensive strategy—as Burnham said *we* should do, and as we did not do. Meanwhile, the erosion of protracted warfare has done its work in the West, which no longer believes seriously in its own legitimacy or the universality of its ideals.

Crozier says we are defending a "way of life." Burnham said in 1952: "The Communist stand forces us to decide, painful as is the process to liberal sensibilities, whether we really believe that our way is better than theirs. Are we ready to declare that Western civilization is superior—objectively superior—to Soviet totalitarianism? . . . Our ancestors did not doubt the universality of their political ideal." (*Containment or Liberation?*) Before we can undertake Crozier's operational strategy, we must face Burnham's question, the answer to which is in far more doubt today than it was in 1952. But if the answer is to be affirmative, then "survival" is not enough. Perhaps in his next book Mr. Crozier will address the fundamental question. □

American Caesar:
Douglas MacArthur, 1880-1964
By William Manchester
Little, Brown, 793 pp., $15

LET ME ENTERTAIN YOU

FORREST McDONALD

William Manchester is a literary craftsman of the first rank. Let me tell you just how good he is. Though I was in the U.S. Navy during the War and was imbued with all the prejudices against "Dugout Doug" MacArthur which attended that condition; though Manchester's version of the Japanese conquest of the Philippines leaves me believing MacArthur's conduct there was more culpable than I had thought; though MacArthur's strategy and tactics in the Pacific were largely derivative, having been worked out first by the Navy and the Marine Corps; though American naval and air superiority were such after Midway that we could have won with Gregory Peck in command; still Manchester has managed to convince me, or almost convince me, that MacArthur may have been the greatest general of World War II.

In a sense this book truly captures the spirit of the man. Virtually nobody could regard MacArthur passively or objectively. Nothing he said or did went without applause in some quarters and sneers in others. People spoke of him in superlatives, adored him or despised him, considered him the noblest of heroes or the shabbiest of fakes, likened him unto God or the Devil. Similarly, few will be able to read this book passively or objectively: it inspires and infuriates, it enchants and alienates, but it never leaves one indifferent. It is participatory narrative, the kind that wants marginal scribbling, pro or con.

But there is, alas, more art here than history. It is revealing to analyze Manchester's artistry with some care. Part of his success as a storyteller derives from attention to the visual details which can make a scene come alive. His prologue, for instance, begins with a description of Missionary Ridge, overlooking Chattanooga, as it was on November 24, 1863. The episode to be narrated—Arthur MacArthur's heroic charge, which ultimately won him a Medal of Honor—is important for Manchester's purposes, since he believes the father's heroism haunted the son throughout his life. Manchester, being a seasoned craftsman, has personally conned the site: the ridge, he tells us, was "a tangle of rock, thick kudzu vines, pine, and oak" defended by Braxton Bragg and 46,165 Confederates. The reference to kudzu is a skillful touch, for anyone who has driven through the rural South has seen that kudzu vines are nearly impenetrable, and can thus appreciate Arthur MacArthur's valor all the more. The flaw is that the kudzu vines were not there in 1863: they did not invade the South until six or seven

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RANDOM NOTES

▮ MORE JANUARY TITLES: Robert Coles's *Walker Percy: An American Search* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $12.50), portions of which were recently published in *The New Yorker*, is necessary reading for anyone interested in the work of this novelist and philosopher.

Benjamin Britten: Pictures from a Life, 1913-1976 (Scribner's, $25) is made up of four hundred photographs of the composer of *Peter Grimes*, *Billy Budd*, etc., with various friends and acquaintances and in various situations and locales, compiled by Donald Mitchell (Britten's executor) and John Evans. . . . The famous architect enjoyed a far from academic life, nicely laid out by Robert C. Twombly in *Frank Lloyd Wright: His Life and Architecture* (Wiley, $19.95). . . . Lewis Mumford's *My Works and Days: A Personal Chronicle* (Harcourt, $19.95) is not strictly for his admirers, but it helps to be one. . . . Deborah Pickman Clifford's *Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory: A Biography of Julia Ward Howe* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $15) stresses the feminist message. . . . *The Du Pont Family* (Doubleday, $11.95) by John D. Gates can hardly be called a muckraking job; in fact, it probably leans too far in the whitewashing direction.

Christopher Lasch's book *The Culture of Narcissism: American Life in an Age of Diminishing Expectations* (Norton, $11.95) argues that the Me Decade syndrome is rooted in the nature of the American family and the corporate economy. . . . G. William Domhoff's *The Powers That Be: Processes of Ruling Class Domination in America* (Random House, $10; paper, $3.95) is devoted to making the following startling points: a) that there is in America a social and economic elite; and b) that that elite has a great deal of power. . . . In *Personal Politics: The Roots of Women's Liberation in the Civil Rights Movement and the New Left* (Knopf, $10), Sara Evans argues that the women's movement arose from the involvement of women in various radical enterprises in which they were oppressed by radical men.

John Gregory Dunne, whose latest novel is the highly entertaining *True Confessions*, is publishing his first volume of non-fiction pieces, entitled *Quintana and Friends* (Dutton, $9.95). . . . Penelope Gilliatt's new novel, *The Cutting Edge* (Coward, McCann, $8.95), is well worth a look.

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decades later. (They came from Japan.)

Another of Manchester's techniques is to adapt his style to his subject. MacArthur impressed almost everyone who met him with the superb quality of his mind, and especially with the awesome breadth of his knowledge of world history, political and cultural as well as military. That calls for a casual display of erudition, on the part of the author, that would be inappropriate in a biography of, say, Dwight Eisenhower; and Manchester seeks to capture the proper feeling by interlacing his narrative with classical and historical allusions of his own. The trouble with the technique is that one must know a great deal in order to pull it off: make a single slip and the reader will suspect the whole performance is a sham.

Manchester, unfortunately, slips with some frequency. In describing Japanese society, for instance, he tosses off learned-sounding observations about the Middle Ages, *kanji*, David Riesman, and Japanese etymology; and then he tells us that "the Sovereign's powers were as absolute as Henry VIII's." If, in choosing the malapropism, he were subtly informing the reader that MacArthur's erudition was itself bogus, we would have to regard his use of the technique as masterly. But such is not the case, as Manchester reveals, for example, when he tells us that "in postwar Japan, as in Napoleonic France, hereditary nobility and class privileges were abolished. The French commander had scrapped Roman Catholic control; the American commander rejected Shinto." As Samuel Insull said of Wendell Willkie, perhaps when he is older he will know more.

Then there is the psychologizing. To his credit, Manchester shows considerable restraint in dealing with MacArthur's fearlessness under fire. He is not willing just to point out that the General was brave (or courageous) to the edge of recklessness, and let it go at that; but he does keep his speculations to a minimum and confines to a footnote a psychiatrist's guess that MacArthur was "suicidal." And yet, bizarrely, Manchester repeatedly declares that MacArthur was a paranoiac. That MacArthur had rather grand notions of himself is true, but his self-image was scarcely a delusion. That he often blamed his misfortunes on the conspiring of personal enemies is also true; but the desk generals in Washington who envied and feared and hated him were quite real. So were Harry Truman and Dean Acheson. So were Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean, and Kim Philby.

Finally, Manchester's liberalism gets in his way. Possibly this is artistry, too, designed to make his enthusiasm for MacArthur's greatness palatable to the liberal book-buying establishment. In any event, he views MacArthur with a wide-eyed, mouth-agape, gee-whiz reverence, and yet manages simultaneously to cling to Truman-Acheson superstitions about the man. First he attributes responsibility for the Korean War to conservative Republicans. (After China fell to the Reds, you see, Republicans were hassling Truman for being soft on Communism, and he had to do *something* to prove he wasn't.) Next, after an excellent account of the fighting, comes a convincing argument that MacArthur could have won the war had he been allowed to; followed by the perceptive observation that the long-term implications of the doctrine of limited war were pernicious indeed. Yet, with a straight face, Manchester solemnly assures us that Truman "had done the right thing" in firing MacArthur.

In short, what we have here is splendid entertainment, and little more. A number of reviewers have remarked that when Manchester writes a book, you feel that you are *there*. He takes us there, all right: it just happens not to be where MacArthur was. □

ART

THE AFFLUENT AFFLATUS

RUTH BERENSON

Coffee-table books are so named because only a sturdy, four-legged piece of furniture can bear their weight. Long on pictures, short on text, these mammoth tomes, usually devoted to some aspect of the arts, start appearing in the bookstores along about Halloween. Conventional wisdom rates them as prime Useless Objects, un-books seldom looked at after Christmas morning.

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However, not only are many of this year's crop, for all that they're not intended as bedtime reading, nearly works of art in themselves, many are well written and brimming with information about their subjects, besides being well equipped with bibliographies, footnotes, and enough scholarly paraphernalia to satisfy what that other, more eminent, Berenson—Bernard—used to refer to in his table talk as "German-minded professors." In short, they fully merit a place on your Christmas list.

Court House (Horizon, $35; paperback $18.75) is an off-beat photographic compilation of those monuments to local pride which, unlike so many marble mansions, banks, theaters, opera houses, even museums and churches in America, have survived because they serve their purpose—the administration of justice—as effectively as when they were built. Sometimes cherished by the communities they serve (like the County Courthouse in King William, Virginia, in use since around 1725), sometimes neglected but retained for reasons of economy (like the exuberant 1890s red brick structure in Dubuque, Iowa, which, when I saw it, stood isolated in a sea of urban renewal rubble), they reflect the history of American architecture better, perhaps, than any other type of building. This book would be a fine present for a lawyer, an historical-landmark buff, or a photographer; its text, which includes a survey of the county court system by retired Justice Paul C. Reardon of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, a charming essay by Calvin Trillin, and solid architectural analyses by Henry Russell Hitchcock and William Seale, is exemplary.

Among the art books, I have two favorites. Howard Hibbard's *Michelangelo* (Viking, $35 to December 31; $40 thereafter) is a marvelously illustrated edition of the author's definitive study of Michelangelo (first published in 1975). *Symbolists and Symbolism* (Skira-Rizzoli, $60) is a truly gorgeous sampling of this late-nineteenth-century manifestation of Romanticism: Symbolism was contemporaneous with Impressionism and post-Impressionism but was completely different from both; it was concerned with inner, not outer, reality and with the concretizing of visions, dreams, and nightmares. Unfortunately, the book's text—by Robert L. Delevoy, Director of the Ecole Nationale Su-

périeure d'Architecture et d'Arts Visuels in Brussels—suffers somewhat from having had four different translators, and, though full of information, sometimes assumes a knowledge of the period's art and literature that may be beyond the range of the average reader.

THOSE SEEKING a more general introduction to the genesis of twentieth century art might prefer Jean Clay's *Modern Art 1890-1918* (Viking, $40 to December 31; $45 thereafter), which covers the pivotal, and chaotic, period when art broke decisively with the representational tradition that had prevailed ever since the Renaissance. Clay adopts a structuralist approach that may confuse those unfamiliar with this currently chic system; a glossary of unfamiliar terms helps, as do summaries in bold-face type interspersed throughout the text. The illustrations are excellent.

American Realism (Skira-Rizzoli, $45 to December 31; $50 thereafter) is yet one more history of American painting, but this one is by a French critic, François Mathey, Director of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris. The author's European vantage-point does not cause him to differ substantially from his American colleagues; like most of them, he sees us as hard-headed, practical folk, not very imaginative, and hence naturally predisposed to painterly realism. This monistic view inevitably involves him in difficulties when treating such obvious visionaries as Thomas Cole and Albert Pinkham Ryder, or, in our own time, the Abstract Expressionists, for whom he has coined "realism of the mind" as a catch-all alibi.

The latter, especially Jackson Pollock and Mark Rothko, who are both dead, have long since assumed the status of Old Masters. I have not seen the four-volume *catalogue raisonné* of Pollock published by Yale University ($250), but Diane Waldman's *Mark Rothko, 1903-1970* (Abrams, $30), published in connection with the full-length retrospective of Rothko that the Guggenheim is doing, must be close to the last word about him. But Rothko remains a controversial figure. The majority of today's serious critics, including Robert Rosenblum, Hilton Kramer, and Miss Waldman, see him as the quintessential Romantic of our time (Rosenblum even equates him with the great German religious mystic, Caspar David Friedrich). Others, however, including this reviewer, can see nothing in him but an original talent who—in the heady days when Abstract Expressionism hadn't yet got a label—deliberately discarded line, form, everything but color. At least, in the beginning, those colors were vibrant and vigorous, but eventually his exhilaration waned and his colors became somber and muted—so much so that even in this book, whose reproductions are extraordinarily accurate, one can hardly tell what they are. My own hunch is that in the long run Rothko's reputation will plummet; but for anyone interested in him, this book is essential. □

FILM

FOR CONSENTING ADOLESCENTS

JOHN SIMON

One of the major genres of American film-making has commonly been labeled: "Adult love story." There is something odd about the term: is there such a thing as a children's love story? Well, I suppose there is: child meets dog (horse, hamster, parakeet . . .), child loses dog, child wins dog. The more pertinent question, then, is why are there so few truly adult love stories in the American cinema? In the past, whether things ended happily or tearfully the goo, the schmaltz, the treacle

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were seldom out of camera range. And these days, a supposedly enlightened movie such as *An Unmarried Woman* goes all mushy and muddle-headed—albeit in a "contemporary" way—the moment the heroine meets her ideal mate.

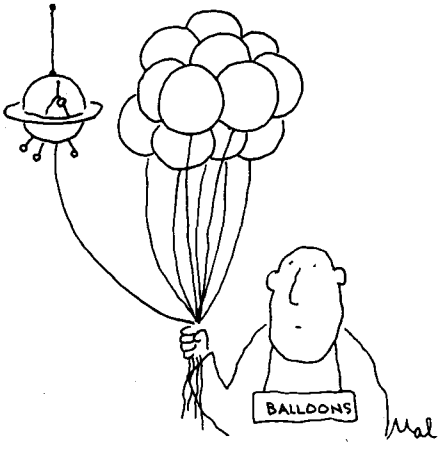
Recently, we have been getting a whole batch of doomed attempts at the genre. *Comes a Horseman* is ostensibly a latter-day Western *cum* love story; but the hero (James Caan) is a fellow who inexplicably got out of the Vietnam War early on, and the mere presence of Vietnam in the background vitiates the conventional Western maneuverings in the foreground. These concern a ruthless cattle baron (Jason Robards) who wants to own the entire Colorado valley of which he already has the lion's share; the son of a former associate (George Grizzard), who wants to dig up the whole valley in search of oil; and the tough and stubbornly independent daughter of a double-crossed friend of Robards' (Jane Fonda), whom Robards seduced in her salad days, but who now holds out tenaciously against Robards' designs on her body, her hand in marriage, and the little bit of valley property she owns. Part of this ranch, which Miss Fonda runs with one faithful old cowpoke (Richard Farnsworth), she has sold to Caan, whose buddy has been killed by one of Robards' men. Reluctantly, like the tough, stubbornly independent creatures they are, Caan and Fonda make common cause against Robards; slowly, taciturnly, and almost unwillingly (as befits the genre), they end up as lovers.

The clichés continue to proliferate. Farnsworth, like all such faithful retainers, heads for the inevitable, heart-rending last roundup, even as the battle between the forces of good and the forces of evil builds toward a predictably preposterous climax, in which good triumphs not so much by its wisdom as by evil's stupidity. Alas, the film's love story is just as hackneyed as its heroics, which is surprising from a director like Alan J. Pakula, who, in a previous film with Fonda, *Klute*, managed to save the man-woman relationship from the foolishness of the rest of the script. Here the scenario by Dennis Lynton Clark clearly defeats him.

Gordon Willis' cinematography, although sometimes verging on the arty, is often breathtaking; I, for one, am glad that it concerns itself so much with the weather and the light, which are manifestly the only gold in them thar hills. Noteworthy, too, is the incisive performance by Jane Fonda, who has finally shaken the last vestiges of her Vassar accent, the one small blemish on some of her previous outstanding work. Farnsworth, too, is good in a stock way; the others rely on their respective histrionic short-cuts, of which Caan's is the shortest. Caan allows his glistening teeth to wag his entire performance, and there are a few nocturnal exterior long shots in which the whole valley seems to be illuminated solely by the light of those silvery teeth.

A STILL MORE obvious love story—more obvious in every way—is John G. Avildsen's *Slow Dancing in the Big City*, which has to do with the smiling-through-tears and weeping-through-gags romance of a hefty New York columnist of the Jimmy Breslin school and the icy, remote, fanatically dedicated ballerina who wants none of him. Each has a secret. His, unbeknown to him, is that under his tough hide and lingo beats a heart of molasses, so that he will actually risk his safety for the little people he writes about. Hers, which she discovers midway through the movie, is that under her impeccable physical discipline lurks a dread muscular disease: if she does not stop dancing, she will lose even the ability to walk.

In the best cinematic tradition, she keeps her secret from everyone (just as the hero clandestinely seeks out single-handed the lair of Hispanic hoodlums in an attempt to save a bright little Puerto Rican boy from the heroin addiction into which his criminal elder brother is pushing him), and she has her one great triumph in Lincoln Center, at the end of which the hero (whom by now she loves) has to carry her onstage for the curtain calls. The hero himself almost doesn't make it to the theater on time: he has been searching for the Puerto Rican boy, whom he was going to redeem by taking him to the ballet, but who has died pitifully from an overdose given to him by his brother. Still, against a background of lost lives and careers, hero and heroine face a future of radiant happiness.



If this summary of Barra Grant's nauseating screenplay is not enough for you, let me assure you that the details of the dialogue and direction are sufficient to suffocate all but the gushiest sentimentalists. Miss Grant's verbal invention is an awesome amalgam of Ben Hecht (remember *his* ballet film, *Specter of the Rose*?), Jean Kerr, and Richard Brautigan; Avildsen's direction, on the heels of the same director's *Rocky*, gives us a *Rocky* on points. Paul Sorvino, who is a very able actor, plays the columnist as the world's biggest, cuddliest teddy bear; Anne Ditchburn, a Canadian ballerina and choreographer, acts the doomed dancer as someone who will never act again. Miss Ditchburn has an inexpressive face and a grey, monotonous voice; even the ballet she has choreographed to Bill Conti's vulgar music is a gross travesty of *The Rite of Spring*, so earnest as to constitute the film's only true humor.

BUT SURELY the most misbegotten of today's stories is *Once in Paris . . .* written and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. Gilroy once wrote a good, honest play, *Who'll Save the Plowboy?* (1962), which remained unappreciated; then went on to win every possible prize with a highly commercial play, *The Subject Was Roses*; and has proceeded to turn out stage and screen pap ever since. The hero of *Once in Paris . . .* is a happily married screenwriter (Wayne Rogers, an awful actor) who, commissioned to rewrite somebody's screenplay now being shot in Paris, comes to that city for the first time, relatively late in his life. (And very late in ours, as viewers of movies about the overphotographed *ville* Lumière et Méliès.) Rogers, who divides his and our time between faltering bouts with his French phrase book and wide-eyed wonder at the sights and folkways of Paris, exhibits a lack of

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tourist savvy that would do discredit to a John Wayne.

He promptly gets involved with a hipsterish chauffeur (Jack Lenoir), who introduces him to the joys of Gallic living, and a glamorous neighbor at the Hotel Régina (Gayle Hunnicutt, whom it is nice to see again, though the Régina, after similar use in *The Other Side of Midnight*, begins to pall), who initiates him into the pleasures of cosmopolitan adultery. Watching this movie is comparable to reading an article in *Seventeen* about the glories of Paris, while sipping a *vin ordinaire* gone slightly sour. After a parade of visual and aural clichés—shot, directed, and acted true to stereotype—we are finally treated to a slightly ambiguous ending, but this presumably adult element is scarcely more thought-provoking than the standard shot of the Eiffel Tower.

The film is made even more embarrassing by its obvious air of autobiography: the shy-making expiatory confession of what I take to be an early peccadillo of Gilroy's. One is confirmed in this belief by the fact that the dreadful revised scenario of the film-within-the-film ends with a freeze frame, just as the film does; and by the fact that the sincere, naive, thoroughly decent boy of a hero corresponds to the authorial persona Gilroy has been painstakingly evolving. Unless he gets rid of the sentimental blarney, Gilroy risks remaining a *homo unius libri*.

DELECTATIONS

CHRISTMAS VINEYARDS

NIKA HAZELTON

In spite of skyrocketing prices, it is still possible to find attractive, reasonably priced wines for everyday drinking. I have tasted a number of them this fall. I have also tasted some superb California vintages that would make splendid gifts.

Here are some of my findings (the prices quoted are New York City retail prices, without tax—they will probably vary somewhat from store to store as well as from city to city and state to state).

Bordeaux produces not only premiers grands crus, but also sound, cheaper red wines like Sichel's My Cousin's Claret ($4.99); Sichel's Médoc ($4.75); '75 St. Emilion Tytell Europe ($3.59); '75 Bordeaux Rouge Alfred Schyler ($3.89); Leme Frères Bordeaux Rouge ($2.79); and Mouton Cadet ($4.99). From Burgundy, including Beaujolais, come good buys in lesser-known wines like Beaujolais Marquis Roussy de Sales ($3.79); Beaujolais Réserve de l'Abbé Sichel ($4.49); '76 Beaujolais Villages Louis Latour ($4.45); '76 Mâcon Rouge Cave de Prisse ($3.99); '77 Chiroubles Guichard ($4.49); '72 Bourgogne Pinot Noir Quillardet ($3.99); and '72 Dezize-Les-Maranges Bachelet ($4.49).

From the Rhône Valley, aside from the big wines with the big prices such as Hermitage and Châteauneuf-du-Pape, there are wines with the general appellation Côtes du Rhône that are deep and aromatic, with a purplish color and full body—excellent wines for winter meals. These wines are exceptional buys, thanks to an unusually large harvest. Among them, I liked the '76 Côtes du Rhône Armand Roux ($3.99); '76 Côtes du Rhône House of Burgundy ($4.49); '76 Côtes du Rhône Somerset ($3.99); Côtes du Rhône Grande Réserve Wildman ($3.45); and '76 Côtes du Rhône Sichel ($4.19).

When buying inexpensive wines one should remember that reputable wine merchants often have stocks of attractive lesser-known wines which they can offer at good prices because of special relationships with suppliers; it pays to ask.

Italy now exports more wine to the United States than France does. New to us are the white wines from the Tre Venezie, the region north of Venice, which is also famous for its beautiful Palladian villas and excellent food. These wines are varietals—wines that are named after the grape from which they are made. Agreeable vintages are available at attractive prices—from under $3 to $4.99. I liked particularly the clean-tasting, dry Pinot Grigio Collavini, with a fruity bouquet ($3.49); the Pinot Grigio Eno Friulia ($2.99); the '77 Pinot Chardonnay Eno Friulia, with a real chardonnay bouquet and total balance ($3.69); and the '76 Riesling del Veneto, with a flowery bouquet and an elegant style ($3.49). Other Italian whites that are worth noting are the '75 Soave Bersano ($2.79) and the white Corvo from Sicily (around $4), a full-bodied, very dry wine.

The Valtellina, 2,500 feet above sea-level, in the northeastern corner of Lombardy, produces some of my favorite Italian reds—sturdy, well-knit crimson wines known and sold as Sassella, Grumello, and Inferno. They usually cost less than $5; the good Inferno Rainoldi is $3.25. These wines age well. More good buys in Italian red wines come from Piedmont: the '70 Nebbiolo d'Alba Guido Gire is $3.98; the '71 Spanna Marchese Villadoria, $3.74; and the '70 Gattinara, $4.99. Worth investigating is Chianti Classico, identified by the black rooster seal on the bottle; Ricasoli Chianti Classico costs $3.99, as does the Sicilian Corvo red.

Other wines under $5 that are worth trying are Alsatian whites such as Sylvaner, Edelzwicker, and Riesling from Hansi, at $2.59, $2.99, and $3.79. Two reds from Rumania (imported by Monsieur Henri), Premiat Pinot Noir and Premiat Cabernet Sauvignon, at $2.50, are recommended buys.

The inexpensive, well-made California wines deserve an article to themselves. Meanwhile, though, I would like first to praise the wines of the Christian Brothers, selling from around $4 to $6. I especially like the Napa Fumé Blanc, at $5. I also find the wines from Fetzer (in Mendocino County, north of San Francisco) to be most agreeable drinking. Zinfandel costs $3.33, Cabernet Sauvignon about $4; the Premium White and Premium Red Table Wines at $2.99 are excellent value.

AMONG California wines to give as presents I am all for the 1975 Cabernet Sauvignon from Stag's Leap Wine Cellars in Napa Valley, at $9.49. I gave a bottle of this wine to M. Gardère, the winemaster of Bordeaux' Latour, who was impressed by it. The very first Cabernet made by this new winery in 1973 won out over equivalent Bordeaux first growths at a blind tasting held in Paris in 1976.

Zinfandel is California's very own grape, made by the various winemakers into light, fruity, austere, or big wines. The Zinfandels from Ridge are now

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legendary, magnificent big wines; a case of 1976 Ridge Zinfandel Paso Robles (a Santa Clara vineyard) at $6.95 a bottle would be a fine present.

Some years ago, the famous French champagne house of Moët & Chandon bought expensive acreage in Napa Valley, built a handsome winery, sent their French winemaker to set things up (he constantly returns to check on them), and started making a very delightful champagne that is totally French in style: crisp, very dry, and complex. To my mind, and not only to mine, this is the finest champagne made in the United States and quite worthy of its French parent. There are two wines—Chandon Napa Valley Brut (my favorite) and Chandon Blanc de Noirs, with a pinkish silvery color. The price of each is $8.99 a bottle.

Naturally, there are many more attractive, reasonably priced wines and great California wines than I have been able to mention here. I only wanted to show that not all is lost, even if a bottle of La Tâche 1966 (a good year) costs one hundred fifteen dollars. □

ON CAMPUS

NO THANKS, PLEASE

M. J. SOBRAN

I am a friend of Ernest van den Haag. I'm afraid that sounds like a boast. I'm especially afraid it sounds like a boast to Ernest. I can no more imagine him paralyzed by modesty than suckered by a non-sequitur.

He phoned me recently to say he was debating Roy Innis on affirmative action that evening at Yale. Would I like to come along? He knew the answer. I met him at Grand Central a few hours later, feeling a bit like Dr. Watson setting out for the English countryside with Sherlock Holmes.

We were welcomed by the Party of the Right, of the fabled Yale Political Union, which was sponsoring the debate. Our hosts ushered us to the freshman dining commons, which offered options like ratatouille and an entirely vegetarian menu, among many others. So many sweet-faced children (they looked newborn) in such august surroundings: I felt happy for them. I went to a state university in the Midwest and got through grad school without having *heard* of ratatouille. (I hope I'm spelling that right.) [You are. —ED.] In fact, I had barely heard of Ernest.

At dinner we got a mild caution: some black student groups and allies were protesting the debate. They were affronted that it was being held at all. Would there be trouble? I remembered that a few years ago Bill Rusher had been spat at by a mob here when he came to debate William Shockley on genes and equality.

As we approached the Union building we could hear the protestors chanting. It turned out there were about fifty of them, marching in a circle, passing out mimeo leaflets, angry: *We are here to stay! We are here to stay! We are not debatable! We are here to stay!*

Inside the Union hall, which seats about eighty, it was impossible to ignore the noise outside. It was *with* us. What should we do? Invite them in? Let them participate? Someone objected that this would be contrary to the Union's constitution. Union officers conferred with Innis, who conferred with his CORE entourage. A hot, hasty debate was followed by a vote to admit them. Innis went out to make the arrangements.

The protestors filed in sullenly: the hall was packed, in five minutes, with black guests glaring rigidly at their white hosts.

The protestors' spokesman, a clean-cut black law student, denounced the occasion. "We don't believe this is a fit subject for debate," he snapped. "This is a slap in the face to all of us." He added that without affirmative action there would not be a single black student at a university like Yale: a charge so extravagant as to be a confession, or a slander. Boiled down, it meant that every black in that room was less qualified than every white in that room.

I looked across the room at Ernest: he was listening with his customary impassiveness. I knew he had been in a concentration camp, a fact he might invoke, if he chose, to upstage the apprentice victims before us. But I knew he wouldn't invoke it. Keeping things "academic" is a principle with him.

For five minutes the young speaker heaped moral contumely on the Union. Then, clapping rhythmically, the protestors filed out. They were united in a willful cynicism about whites: no benefit of doubt as to motives, no phony gentlemen's agreement for them. You are for affirmative action, or you are racist. That was what they had come to say.

Then they were gone, and civilization timidly resumed its business in the quiet hall.

ERNEST SPOKE FIRST, listing incisive reasons against affirmative action. It is unjust: instead of repairing injustice, it merely shifts it. It makes handicaps permanent. It actually affirms the racial principles it purports to oppose. He might have pointed out, but didn't, that the law student had helped confirm the image of blacks as an academic welfare class—an image that had apparently become a self-image. How demoralizing.

If Ernest was the cool analyst, Innis was a passionate evangelist, his clipped West Indian singsong imparting an

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exotic touch to what was otherwise a commonplace, even banal argument. He praised the protestors—"They did a very brilliant and courageous thing here tonight"—and went on to remind us that the entire history of this nation, yea, even Abraham Lincoln, was racist. I didn't realize that Innis was being investigated by the FBI: a power struggle at CORE had descended into thuggish crime, Teamster-style. Neither this nor his fleeting endorsement of Idi Amin had damaged his moral self-assurance. Inevitably, his case reduced to summary accusation. If "the professor"—Ernest—and others secretly hold that blacks are inferior, they should come right out and say so.

That was the evening's real topic: good old white guilt. Ernest was doing his rational best, but he was up against a master of jive Calvinism. We were all sinners in the hands of an angry pitch man.

BETWEEN the rebuttals and final summations, the Union allots time for brief speeches by members. I was invited to say something too. I did, tremulously.

Innis had been unfair, I said. He had spoken of American life in entirely censorious terms, as if it were devoted to racial hate and oppression. Yet all of us present (I presumed) had had instilled in us, at home, at school, at church, the very principles he was appealing to. If the ideal of equality—so exceptional in human history—is impeded by a residue of prejudice, are we still to get no credit for maintaining that ideal? The very purpose of the debate was not to call it in question but to clarify its meaning.

Before I sat down, Innis retorted: "You expect me to *thank* you." I denied it, puzzled: what had he to thank me for? "That's the implication of what you said," he insisted. "You have your foot on my neck, and you want me to *thank* you." He repeated this several times, until I sighed, "Mr. Innis, *please* don't thank me." Even then he persisted: it was my turn to be accused. I was defending racial oppression, and demanding the abject gratitude of my victims; prominent among whom is Roy Innis, who was a celebrity to me when I was a college kid in Michigan, ten years ago.

During the members' speeches, members drifted out. Late in the evening came the final summations. Then the vote. Ernest won, nineteen to seventeen.

Innis did have a point about me. I do want him to be grateful. Not to me, but to the things I myself am grateful to. Doesn't gratitude mean knowing and honoring the sources of what is good in our lives? Innis seems to conceive it as mere groveling: the only question is which side must be servile. It is pointless to discuss "equality" with a man so given to jockeying and bullying. He is not unintelligent. Just uncivil. □

The GIMLET EYE

MAN AND SUPERMAN

D. KEITH MANO

Up where my mother has her summer home, a filament-borne, leaf-wolfing swarm of inch worms will hatch out every 12th year or so. Nature couldn't survive greater frequency than that. And on Broadway, Shaw's rhetorical infestation, *Man and Superman*, has returned comet-like, on its wobbly 12-year ellipse (the last New York production was in 1966), to bombast a fresh half-generation of innocents.

Shaw, who would pay for this verbal incontinence by having to live and listen well past the unconscionable age of ninety, had insistent doubts about his status, past-present-future, in Western intellectual history. He felt that great popular éclat would preclude any serious evaluation. Which feeling was correct; and probably fortunate: to us he is Shaw-the-Epigrammatist. Still, *Man and Superman* has, at solar plexus, 73 minutes (counting laughter) of ersatz Platonic dialogue: his "Don Juan in Hell" scene, famous—as most famous works are—to the degree it has been left unread. Here Don Juan, Lucifer, Doña Ana, and Mozart's Statue play four-wall handball with 15-month-pregnant ideas: the *Symposium* wedged into *The School for Scandal*. Shaw saw himself as philosopher-revolutionist (the play has been subtitled "a comedy and a philosophy"). But Shaw's genius is comic: and satire (some derivative polemicizing aside) will be his perigee when it comes to any real metaphysical leap. In the matter of revolution, well . . . Fabians were middle-class and polite after all: violence or decisive action seemed uncouth to them. Indeed no man can be revolutionary who has left his native Dublin for Hertfordshire. It takes some courage and certainly some occasional vulgar nerve to remain Irish on a full-time basis.

Hell is the fashionable district: a sort of Bloomsbury. It is, in fact, the Pre-Raphaelite artist's mind, as Shaw perceived that mouth-drying phenomenon: Rossetti and Alma-Tadema at their sensual, simple, overheartfelt worst: romanticism with mold on it. Don Juan, however, is an outcast even in hell. He has achieved and weathered genuine romantic excess on earth: it's time now for the higher, more ascetic effort. ("Never resist temptation, prove all things," Shaw will say in his appendix.) Hell's large constituency has been engrossed by bodiless, interminable delight: the lukewarm pursuit of love, loveliness, art, pleasure, and temptation without resistance: an infinite, if puerile, revenge taken against Victorian repression. But Don Juan, surfeited with aesthetic and hedonistic frivolity—man of experience—becomes instead the commonplace effete radical: i.e., a prude, a talker, a furtive sentimentalist. He will go AWOL to heaven, hang-out of "the seven deadly virtues."

Heaven, mind you, is a pretty dismal joint: the Rawson Street local stop at 3 A.M. Women there "might be men of fifty." Indeed heaven is, more or less, a supernal reading room—in the British Museum. And we all know what heinous, inhuman ideas that place has been at least tangentially responsible for. With all his bragged-of iconoclasm, Shaw never once mentions Christ: so much for bravery or equal time. Given the context, a mention would have been a condemnation and, in 1905, *Man and Superman* wouldn't have lasted through its opening night. Don Juan, intelligent libertine and brigand, opts for pure philosophic contemplation. In other words, heaven and hell aren't Dantean: they're Nietzschean. For not only has Shaw plagiarized his superman whole, he has also built a two-storey home to house the Nietzschean

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concept of Apollonian and Dionysiac. Juan, after Dionysiac enormities (requisite job experience for any artist/philosopher), will now settle down in tranquillity to meditate on passion.

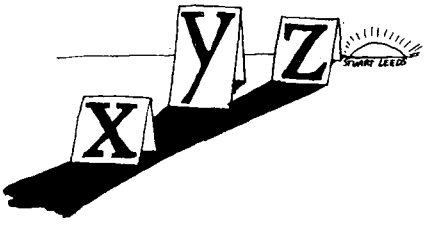
Passion is what Shaw would call the Life Force, his Tono-Bungay salve. (In actuality more a dull placebo: and the last refuge for any "spiritual" atheist.) Life Force is evolution trying to remember where it mislaid its brain: a touch of Darwin, a touch of snobbish leveling, a touch of late-nineteenth-century optimism. *Man and Superman*, the unhellish part, is about man-trap women: they, for Shaw, are a bunch of predatory wombs. In the suffragette era, Don Juan is prey. Childless Shaw loathed "promiscuous" marriages: they weren't naturally selective enough. Don Juan, who intended to give the Life Force direction and intelligence from his library heaven, can foretell, quite presciently, "a time when great nations will find their numbers dwindling from census to census. . . . The lovers of money and solid comfort . . . will all oppose to the Force of Life the device of sterility." IUDs, pills, vasectomies; abortion surely. And, worse, callous genetic cost accounting. The Life Force is all too lively and forceful for Shaw. It must get discipline.

As Shaw's dilettante Fabianism portends the Gulag society, so his Gulliver-bound Life Force portends *Mein Kampf*. It "may mean that we must establish a State Department of Evolution . . . and a revenue to defray the cost of direct state experiments. It may mean a private society or a chartered company for the improvement of human livestock. . . . King Demos must be bred." So his *Man and Superman* appendix states. Somehow I'd not want the Federal Government, which has difficulty enough regulating saccharin, to decide which strain of human meat—Aryan, perhaps?—would best engender Superman. Beneath Shaw's comic prolixity there sits a rather unpleasant elitist. Laughs and his eccentric Anglo-Irish temperament could mask that. But it's lucky no one ever mistook Shaw for a serious thinker. Otherwise he might have been implicated in the bucket brigade that leads, however deviously, from Nietzsche to Dachau.

Stephen Porter's production, though, is strenuous fun. George Grizzard hydrofoils through the encyclopedic role of Don Juan/Jack Tanner slick as a 1950s DA haircut. Nicholas Woodeson ('Enry Straker) is dropped-letter perfect: he looks like a plate of smoked eel in from the White City dog races. And there are splendid, light-generating performances from two young women: Laurie Kennedy (Violet) and Kate Wilkinson (Mrs. Whitefield). Ladies fit to breed upon, by any standard. *Man and Superman* will play at the Circle in the Square uptown until February 18. Go hear it. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

America Revisited: *150 Years after Tocqueville, by Eugene J. McCarthy (Doubleday, 256 pp., $7.95).* Former Senator McCarthy has gone back to the source, to the most perceptive study of this country by a foreigner—some say the best book about America by anyone. Taking *Democracy in America* as his primary guide, and Tocqueville's journals and the Tocqueville/Beaumont study of prisons in the United States as background material, Mr. McCarthy first presents the Frenchman's views, then carries his material to the present and shows how circumstances have altered, or not altered. McCarthy demonstrates considerable skill in abbreviating the data and conclusions of the 1835 and 1840 volumes of *Democracy*, less skill in tying them to contemporary life. And he is frequently and boringly polemical, when he isn't being merely patronizing and avuncular. The areas the author concentrates on are ten of the most important in Tocqueville's writings: Indians, Negroes, prisoners, religion, the economy, the law, the press, voluntary associations, politics, and the Presidency. In each section we're handed a little sermon, the uniting theme of which is that this country is in pretty sorry shape. And yet throughout the book McCarthy gives hints that help explain why his personal and political style, if not always the content of his programs, appealed, and still appeals, to people on the other end of the ideological spectrum. What sort of "liberal" is it who savages gargantuan government and reminds us that bigness *per se* stymies the very purpose of the American democracy? McCarthy concludes with a short paragraph that could as well have come from Ronald Reagan: "Bureaucracy in a democracy is near perfection when the political process, through which government officials, policies, and control are to come, is controlled by a bureaucratic creation of the government itself. It is a manifestation of the tyranny of the majority in its purest form—that in which the majority tyrannizes itself." DAVID BRUDNOY



Ernest, *by Peter Buckley (Dial, 251 pp., $17.50).* Upon glancing through these grand, affecting photographs, one is again convinced of "Papa" Hemingway's capacity to inspire. He was the rare man who lives a life writ large, brilliant in his abilities, driven with giant ambition and vainglory, harsh in his demands on family and friends. This volume is a life's chronology in black and white, from the sweet-sour days in Oak Park to an eerie, prescient photograph of the declining Ernest in a Ketchum, Idaho forest. Peter Buckley was an intimate during Papa's later years, and many of the photographs are his. Buckley has unfortunately padded the book with a melodramatic narrative which diverts attention from the photos and, one suspects, has also padded the price. Hemingway *aficionados* will savor the photographic moments. PAUL GIGOT

The Taxpayer's Guide to Effective Tax Revolt, *by Sheldon D. Englemayer and Robert J. Wagman (Dale Books, 269 pp., paperback, $1.95).* It's not startling that a volume like this has emerged so quickly after Proposition 13, but it is surprising that it is at once so comprehensive and so intelligently written and sprightly. Covering a great deal of ground—a how-to section for neophyte activists, detailed case-histories of the major state battlegrounds, reviews of pertinent federal legislation, a peek at the tax system, and an introduction to the various national taxpayer groups—the authors maintain a good-natured equilibrium while probing their wide-ranging subject matter. Particularly interesting is their coverage of the proposed constitutional amendment requiring a balanced federal budget. Already demanded by 24 state legislatures, it should result in a precedent-setting constitutional convention. Taken together with the myriad of state proposals for tax limitation (the variety and ingenuity of these plans are fascinating), the tax initiatives portend a full-scale revolt, moving beyond the simplistic one-shot approach of Jarvis-Gann. The authors, however, are no mere boosters. They recognize the magnitude of the job, and they do not underestimate the virulence of the opposition. Yet the account they present of the taxpayer movements springing up in virtually every state will give encouragement to those who wish an end to profligate government. DAVID PIETRUSZA

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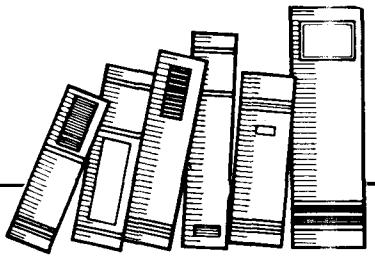

Dark Horses

PREVIOUS COMMENTARIES in this space have suggested that federal intervention, promoted as a solution for social/economic problems, is generally the source of them.

There could hardly be a clearer illustration of this principle than the swine flu fiasco of 1976-77, when the federal planners set out to prevent a medical disaster and wound up creating one. A blow-by-blow account of this debacle has been published by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. HEW Secretary Joseph Califano asked Harvard scholars Richard Neustadt and Harvey Fineberg to review the swine flu episode in order to deduce appropriate lessons for the future, the result of which is a slender but heuristic volume called *The Swine Flu Affair* (U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402; $3).

Neustadt and Fineberg recall the events of early 1976, when four cases of swine flu discovered at Fort Dix, N.J., stirred U.S. officials to a frenzy of mistaken Angst about the likelihood of epidemic. Among the reflections stemming from this lugubrious history is the need for greater caution in resorting to the technique of wholesale immunizations. More widely, the swine flu story suggests the folly of mixing medicine and politics, for the problems with the program all developed from political factors: the desire of some officials to use the swine flu scare for consciousness-raising on the need for preventive medicine, HEW Secretary David Mathews' "do-something" treatment of data he apparently didn't understand, and President Ford's election-year decision to turn the program into a White House-led crusade.

We are in for a lot more flu and other winter-time complaints if the projections contained in *The Weather Conspiracy* (Ballantine Books, $1.95) are anywhere near correct. This is a journalistic rehash of two CIA reports on changing climatic conditions around the globe, together with other official documents, unofficial speculation, and additional matter. The results are uneven, especially when the authors wander off into questions of energy use and agricultural economics, where their expertise appears to be profoundly minimal.

The book's most useful feature is its convenient summary of current opinion concerning the possibility of a future ice age. The recent drop of average global temperatures is discussed, as are previous cycles from warm to cold weather. If the authors' projections are accurate, the world could be facing shorter growing seasons, further contraction of arable acreage, and other changes leading on to famine. Amid the gloom of these deliberations, two points provide us with limited reasons for enthusiasm: a suggestion that atmospheric pollution may actually be beneficial, because it creates a "greenhouse effect" retaining global heat; and a somewhat out-of-character proposal that the price of oil and gas be instantly deregulated.

EVEN MORE iconoclastic is a monograph by economists Gerhard Arden, S. Charles Maurice, and W. Philip Gramm (the last-named recently elected to Congress as a Democrat from Texas), asking *Does Resource Conservation Pay?* (International Institute of Economic Research/Green Hill Publishers, Ottawa, Ill. 61350; $1.25), and concluding that it does not. The authors argue that the universal faith in conservation is mistaken. After all, they note, the point of conserving a resource is to ensure that we, or later generations, can use it in the future. But if the resource will actually be less valuable in the future, such deferred consumption is economically irrational.

That this is actually the case is demonstrated by comparing the market price of 14 basic minerals in 1975 with the price prevailing in the early 1900s; in every instance, the economic gains would have been appreciably greater if the minerals had simply been sold and the proceeds invested in corporate bonds or deposited in a savings account.

—M. STANTON EVANS

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[VINCENT P.] MICELI:

[Aldo] Moro [Another] Victim of Detente

In the specious ceremony of detente Communists will always devour Christians, for the children of this world, being of ill will and eager to deceive, are wiser than the children of light, who are of good will yet peculiarly eager to be deceived.

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ANDREWS

(Continued from page 25)

spent"—the paper seems to be more than holding its own in a society and an age that are deeply suspicious of such missions. It is operated as the direct arm of an unorthodox and sometimes prickly Christian church—yet it limits explicit religious articles to one brief inside-page piece per issue, and plays other news and comment straight, with no theological or sectarian propagandizing. It perennially ranks in or near newspapermen's own listing of the top-ten U.S. dailies, and wields an influence in the American Establishment out of all proportion to the size of its parent organization.

The *Monitor* has attained a respectably large international readership (current circulation is about 172,000 daily in North America, 16,000 for the weekly overseas edition), cutting clean across denominational lines. In recent years the paper has built a worldwide syndicate—some 177 other papers buy its material: a *Monitor* radio syndicate established a year ago, numbers over 120 stations in the United States.

Have conservatives examined the consequence of today's all but unquestioned idea that "news" equals raw sensory reports of individual occurrences worldwide, and that "being informed" equals being passively bathed in wave after ceaseless wave of such reports throughout one's life?

The sociology of knowledge in our culture has become inseparable from an all-pervading *pathology* of the media—an unholy mixture of mesmeric voyeurism, subliminal suggestion, instant gratification, Faustian power-lust, cynical manipulation, bite-size factoids, and sheer tribal myths.

The significance of the *Monitor* here—not singlehanded, certainly, but as the pioneer of a new method—is in its potential for cutting clean to the bone through news sociology and pathology alike, with an altogether fresh *epistemology* that is best known in our time under the denominational name of Christian Science.

The radical apostolic witness which the *Christian Science Monitor* bears by its works in the very midst of the pagan spectacle of modern mass communications is my reason for predicting that the paper will become an increasingly formidable regenerative force in journalism and the society at large. □

ODEN

(Continued from page 32)

Jewish orthodoxy? It is learning more a style than a content. It is discovering an unapologetic pride and candor about being faithful guardians of religious tradition amid the conditions of modernity, not seeking either modernity's blessing or its opinion. Orthodoxy is a willingness to fight and, if necessary, die for the continuity and authenticity of the tradition. It is the joy of dancing with a great historical community that has a long memory of God's mercy. It is being willing to be instructed by Torah, and not assuming that we are instantly wiser on the basis of our limited personal experience. Young Christians who are just beginning to venture into the post-modern consciousness are learning quickly and profoundly from young Jews who at this point in history have a deeper intuitive sense of what orthodoxy means.

The Modern Overlay

The ink remained bold and clear on the ancient papyrus manuscript. With thoughtful care, it had survived many centuries, even though it had been repeatedly handled; countless times, it had been breathlessly touched, and read aloud by persons awed by its beauty and sacredness. But some time ago the manuscript was set on a shelf, and then inadvertently pushed to a back corner where it suffered many decades of neglect. It was a draughty spot and the delicate manuscript was subjected to harsh extremes of heat and cold. Dust accumulated. Mice nibbled at its edges. In time, a steady unnoticed drip made the ink run. Thinking it was worth nothing, a janitor tossed it into the trash can, which was set outdoors for pick-up just before a heavy rain. The rain washed the characters away even more drastically; one could hardly make them out.

Meanwhile, a contemporary artist, rummaging through the bin in search of interesting materials for his newest collage, ran across this fascinating roll of papyrus. He viewed it aesthetically, as a lovely piece of antique paper. He was especially attracted by its fine texture, its off-white color, the swirling flows of ghost grey markings. Excitedly he carried the bundle home, spread it out, and decided instantly that it would be just the right backdrop material for a large collage that would display twisted fragments of industrial junk and waste on the background of a lovely ancient-looking surface.

Suppose that you and I became the proud owners of this collage and hung it in the most honored place, only later to discover, upon closer inspection, that the sporadic markings of ink were actually ancient cuneiform-like figures, spelling out a sacred scripture that held the promise of revealing a great deal about human history and destiny. What would then be our task? First, to try painstakingly to remove the heavy modern overlay without damaging the fragile script, and then to restore the faded letters so as to make them visible and understandable again.

This roughly is the task of post-modern Christian teaching. The difficulty is even greater when we realize that so few have recognized that the lovely modern collage is covering over anything of interest. We still prefer to experience Christianity aesthetically, without reference to its historical identity and original self-conception or acknowledgment of its radical claim upon our own existence. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Skullduggery

On The Right

New York, Dec. 20—Early this year a junior clerk in the CIA doing night duty at the operation center in Langley, Virginia spotted a manual on a desk, stuck it into his briefcase, and took it home. On March 2, he sold this document to a Russian in Athens for $3,000. Now listen carefully . . .

Returning to the United States, the young man wrote to a former colleague in the CIA saying that the Soviet Union had offered money to induce him to transmit secret information. This bizarre communication alerted the Agency to one almost certain, and another probable, piece of bad news. The first was that the young clerk had already turned something over to the Russians. Why? Because even the KGB has traditions, and one of them, very well established, is that cash is paid not for prospective, but for past services. The KGB, in the words of Michael Ledeen, who has written on the subject in *New York* magazine, does not buy "on spec."

BUT THE CLERK—William Kampiles is his name—by the very act of writing that letter (in which he suggested that it might be useful to the Agency if he transmitted "disinformation" to the Russians, i.e., information designed to throw the KGB off the track), took a step which would clearly lead to an investigation of him as someone who had almost certainly already committed a crime.

So then why did the KGB encourage him to make the offer? In effect, to burn him. The supposition is that the CIA would in due course have discovered the identity of the stolen document, and that the clerk who stole it must be thought to have been the man solely responsible. Why? Because there was—is—someone else, higher up in the Agency, who was critical to the entire operation. The word they use in the spy world is "mole." If this is so, it is also the case that the mole has yet to be discovered, so that we do not know who, if anyone, is transmitting what, if anything, to the Soviet Union on a regular basis.

What we did find out was what Kampiles gave to the Russians. Simply put, probably the most important piece of technological information stolen from the Agency since 1960, when two code clerks eloped into the Soviet Union's ample embrace with information about our early surveillance technology.

IRONICALLY, what Kampiles is believed to have passed on to the KGB agent in Athens is the latest in the same family: the supersecret KH-11 manual. What the KH-11 does is transmit directly, from a distance as great as three hundred miles above the earth, electronic signals that can distinguish between ugly and handsome Russians, even through cloud cover. That information is reproduced on a digital receiving set which composes facsimiles of the photographed information more accurate even than the actual photographs on which we have been relying; the facsimiles are dropped by parachute from our workhorse satellites, intercepted by airplanes, and developed in our laboratories.

It is bad enough that the Soviet Union now knows what are the far reaches of our surveillance technology, but what is worse is that anyone who knows what it is we have, and how we bring it off, can reason effortlessly into how to make it inoperative. How, in spy lingo, to "blind" it. We've all heard about the work going on in the field of killer satellites. But this is work we can monitor, and, in any event, there exists the possibility of ultimately developing means of intercepting killer satellites or of instructing our satellites on how to swivel-hip their way about them. But the KH-11, for all its extraordinary sophistication, is, one learns, forlornly vulnerable. All you need to know is just how it works in order to develop a fuse which causes it to become instantly inoperative.

Now the bearing of this development on SALT II is critical. Because SALT II, like its predecessor, depends entirely on the verifiable good faith of the contracting partners. A provision of the SALT Treaty called for no effort by either party to dissimulate, or to get in the way of the other party's instruments of detection. Needless to say, the Soviet Union cheated, as former Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird revealed in an article for the *Reader's Digest* early in the year. But they cheated on the ground. They did not attempt to interfere with our satellites. There would not be much point in doing so unless they were prepared to go to war. And they did not have the conclusive technology simply to knock our satellites down.

But now that they are on to our KH-11, which was the "wild card" in our surveillance system, giving us that incremental protection indispensable to our well-being, the Soviet Union can get on with its killer satellite program, looking forward to the hypothetical day when it can simultaneously knock down the conventional satellites and blind the KH-11. No wonder the Defense Department is going back to a new model of the old U-2.

So that we have prima facie evidence that there is infiltration in the CIA; and we have a factor in respect of SALT II that raises questions as to the feasibility of any understanding whatever. There are men in America who would trust the Russians without invulnerable systems of verification. One hopes they are not running the government. □

PRESERVE US FROM THE SILENT NIGHT

New York, Dec. 18—The American Civil Liberties Union has discovered South Dakota, where some quite dreadful things are going on at the Lincoln High School. The school choir is rehearsing for the Christmas concert and plans, among other songs, to sing "Silent Night." Over the dead body of Steven Pevar of the ACLU, which as a matter of fact wouldn't be a bad idea. Mr. Pevar, in behalf of the ACLU, has gone to court. The ACLU has taken the position that the singing of "Silent Night" violates the First Amendment to the Constitution. The reasoning, if the word may be used loosely, is as follows: Why should any-

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body be silent on Christmas night? Well, the words of the hymn go on to tell you. The silence, the calm, the brightness, were because of an event. A child was born. A "holy" infant. That he was tender and mild is presumably okay by the ACLU, but that he was holy is out of the question. The Founding Fathers would not have permitted so rank a division between church and state.

Moreover, it gets worse. The second stanza is outrageous propagation of the faith. The infant is named, and his mission described! "Christ the Savior is born." It is even repeated! "Christ the Savior is born"!

ONE SUPPOSES it was inevitable. There is no stopping the fanatic. When a dozen years ago it was discovered by the Supreme Court that a common prayer the text of which was agreeable to the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish hierarchies of New York City, was a violation, of the First Amendment to the Constitution which declared that Congress shall pass no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the exercise thereof, the farsighted in this world could see down to the end of the road. No Christmas carols. The next step would be to forbid the invocations that precede every session of Congress, which as a matter of fact are the most unheeded invocations in the history of prayer. Then there is the sticky matter of our coinage, bearing the legend "In God We Trust": that is a rank affront to the atheist community, whose religion is no religion, and therefore violates the separation clause. So, by extension, does the Pledge of Allegiance, which includes the phrase "under God."

Now, the ACLU knows how to pace itself. After all, the people who wrote the First Amendment to the Constitution lived in an age when half the states had established churches. It is a very long way from a First Amendment compatible with the right of individual states to have their own established churches, to the banning of a common prayer in the public schools. But having achieved that victory, the ACLU has sounded the trumpet again, and will settle for nothing less than the proscription of "Silent Night" in the celebration of Christmas.

But this of course raises the final question, which perhaps will be brought up by the Son of ACLU, say in New Mexico, in another ten years. It is the question that has deeply worried those of us with a scrupulous concern for the integrity of the First Amendment. And that is: What about Christmas? Why is it a holiday? And, incidentally, in an age when people can speak of "chairpersons," can't we find a substitute for the word holiday, whose etymology is horribly, embarrassingly obvious? There is, after all, the perfectly idiomatic substitute: feast day. But Christmas—with that first, insolent, propagandistic syllable, an egregious affront to the spirit of the First Amendment—poses a problem.

We could, I suppose, celebrate just plain "Mas Day." Although the word celebrate is, upon reflection, out of order. A celebration presupposes a special event, like, say Martin Luther King Day. To suggest that the birth of Christ was a special event plays into the hands of the proselytizers, who of course maintain that it is not a commonplace event when God Himself was incarnated at Bethlehem.

So the abolition of "Silent Night" is just plain temporizing. The ACLU should go to court and insist that the feast day on December 25 be officially designated as Mas Day, and that the words "celebration" and "holiday" may not be mentioned in any literature or document published by any institution supported by tax dollars. □

PASSING ON THE TORCH

New York, Dec. 15—A gentleman called I. Moyer Hunsberger, who is by profession a chemist, is also a word-lover, and he has brought out a book which he calls the *Quintessential Dictionary*, published by the Hart Publishing Company. Mr. Hunsberger's notion was to put out a book of words which, although they are not widely known, are quite widely used.

He has come up with twelve hundred such words, and it is as obvious that a familiarity with them contributes to a richer life as that a familiarity with more books, more poetry, more music, more history contributes to a richer life. The distinction Mr. Hunsberger attempts to make is between those words that are infrequently used primarily because the situation is extremely rare in which they are useful—what Dwight Macdonald once termed "words that belong in the zoo section of a dictionary"—and other words, used with good effect, according to Mr. Hunsberger's calculations, by a number of contemporary writers, e.g., John Leonard, Meg Greenfield, James J. Kilpatrick, Christopher Porterfield, George Will, Harold Schonberg, R. Z. Sheppard, and, well, me.

Now along comes, would you believe it, a librarian, blasting the book in the *Tampa Tribune & Times*. Mr. Joseph Hipp disdains the entire venture in a long stretch of unfocused resentment: terminating with the barbarism of the year. "Essentially," he writes, "*The Quintessential Dictionary* is non-essential unless you expect Bill Buckley to tea—and then if that is the case, you will probably find much more to talk about than a dictionary with snob appeal and nothing else." In the first place, it is *obvious* that the dictionary is "non-essential." So is the Tampa Public Library. But for a librarian to say that an effort to expand one's word-knowledge is a venture in snobbery is to undermine the structure of his own profession. To say that a particular word should not be used because it is uncommon is on the order of advising a composer that he may not use a diminished chord in his next symphony. The notion that a thoughtful collection of words is not worth looking into is on the order of telling Mr. Hipp that he ought to close off a section or two of his library. Such a position encourages the formulation of a new word: "**Hippism**: A Philistine's resentment of curiosity about the meaning of words. **Hippistic**, *adj.* **Hippistically**, *adv.*"

And I take the opportunity, Mr. Hipp having in this sensitive connection mentioned my name, to disavow a living legend, namely that I am the American fountainhead of recondite words. It is a pity to get in the way of legends that people cherish—Bob Hope, bless him, makes fun of my vocabulary on network TV—and I am opposed to the kind of people who write books saying that John D. Rockefeller wasn't really stingy, and Lizzie Borden didn't really give her mother forty whacks, and technically Socrates *was* guilty. But I have decided to cast off the robes of martyrdom, and I'll tell you what did it. The proximate cause of my declaration is a splendid novel by John Updike called *The Coup*. I read it, and here is a list of words in that novel with which I am unfamiliar:

Harmattan, disphoretic, toubab, laterite, suras, euphorbia, extollation, jerboa, coussabe, zareba, bilharzia, pangoline, hyraxes, pestles, phloem, xylem, eversion, goobers, marabout, xerophytic oleograph, cowries, chrysoprase, henna, scree, riverine, adsorptive, haptic, burnoose. And so I pass on the sesquipedalian torch. All letters of complaint about unusual words will henceforward be sent on to Mr. Updike. But since he is not as faithful a correspondent as I am, you should not sit up waiting for a reply. So remember, from now on you won't have Buckley to kick around anymore. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. *Oh Come, All Ye Faithful*
19 12 14 37 72 27 29 78 87 94
193 120 132

B. When life begins
203 152 96 5 167 54 165 111

C. The highest horizontal timber in a roof and the receiver of the upper ends of the rafters
4 196 173 106 86 128 7 153 108

D. He decreed that "all the world should be taxed."
24 8 200 36 81 123 57 179

E. A translator of the *New Testament* (1913)
46 30 1 55 135 202 206

F. A town in Floyd County, Iowa
50 62 40 107

G. Forward looking people in New York City read this language
67 199 139 154 204 9 34

H. A Phoenician goddess
76 125 207 68 20 140 181

I. Insignificant
11 15 31 84 89 92

J. General in American Revolution (1745-1796)
90 39 77 93 155 163 13 146 131 41
48 157

K. He wrote the words to *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing!*
150 85 114 205 103 74 118 130 138 148
178 185 194

L. The author of the quote and this man both lived in Mobile and had Homeric propensities
161 42 80 122 52 64 69 134 168 175

M. What the world did yesterday
32 2 21 158 184 112 142

N. A locomotive engine
83 159 35 99 126 56 70 101 189

O. A long broad strip
17 23 38 59 73

P. HER FINEST LOT
115 124 129 156 95 16 45 88 65 79
47 116

Q. One's native language
195 102 91 6 18 44 119 127 141 143
169 177

R. A city in the Soviet Union on the Volga River
43 71 187 58 149 97 201 174 172

S. An *ancient* word meaning Almighty, used in referring to the Deity
63 151 162 113 186 171 25

T. A city in Tennessee on the Tennessee River
180 22 147 26 33 117 75 104 144 176
10

U. Another name for East Lothian
188 51 145 66 98 105 133 160 191 198

V. Shocked
110 100 60 121 82 137

W. To perplex
136 61 183 49 190 3 170

X. Babbled
166 192 182 28 164 109 53 197

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 46 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 E	2 M	3 W	4 C		5 B	6 Q	7 C	8 D	9 G	10 T	11 I	12 A		13 J	14 A	15 I
16 P	17 O		18 Q	19 A	20 H	21 M	22 T		23 O	24 D	25 S	26 T	27 A	28 X		29 A	30 E
31 I	32 M		33 T	34 G	35 N	36 D	37 A	38 O	39 J	40 F		41 J	42 L	43 R	44 Q	45 P	
46 E	47 P	48 J		49 W	50 F	51 U	52 L	53 X	54 B		55 E	56 N	57 D	58 R		59 O	60 V
61 W	62 F	63 S	64 L	65 P	66 U		67 G	68 H	69 L	70 N	71 R		72 A	73 O	74 K		75 T
76 H	77 J	78 A	79 P	80 L	81 D		82 V	83 N	84 I	85 K	86 C	87 A		88 P	89 I	90 J	91 Q
	92 I	93 J	94 A	95 P	96 B		97 R	98 U	99 N	100V		101N	102Q		103K	104T	105U
106C		107F	108C	109X	110V	111B	112M	113S		114K	115P		116P	117T	118K	119Q	
120A	121V	122L	123D	124P	125H		126N	127Q	128C	129P		130K	131J	132A		133U	134L
135E	136W	137V	138K	139G		140H	141Q	142M		143Q	144T	145U		146J	147T	148K	
149R		150K	151S	152B	153C	154G		155J	156P		157J	158M	159N	160U	161L		162S
163J	164X		165B		166X	167B	168L	169Q	170W	171S	172R	173C		174R	175L	176T	177Q
178K	179D		180T	181H	182X	183W	184M	185K	186S		187R	188U	189N		190W	191U	192X
193A	194K		195Q	196C	197X	198U	199G	200D	201R	202E		203B	204G	205K	206E	207H	

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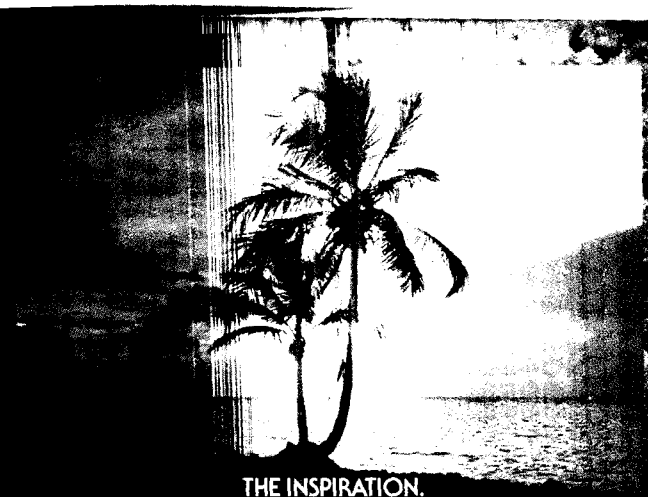

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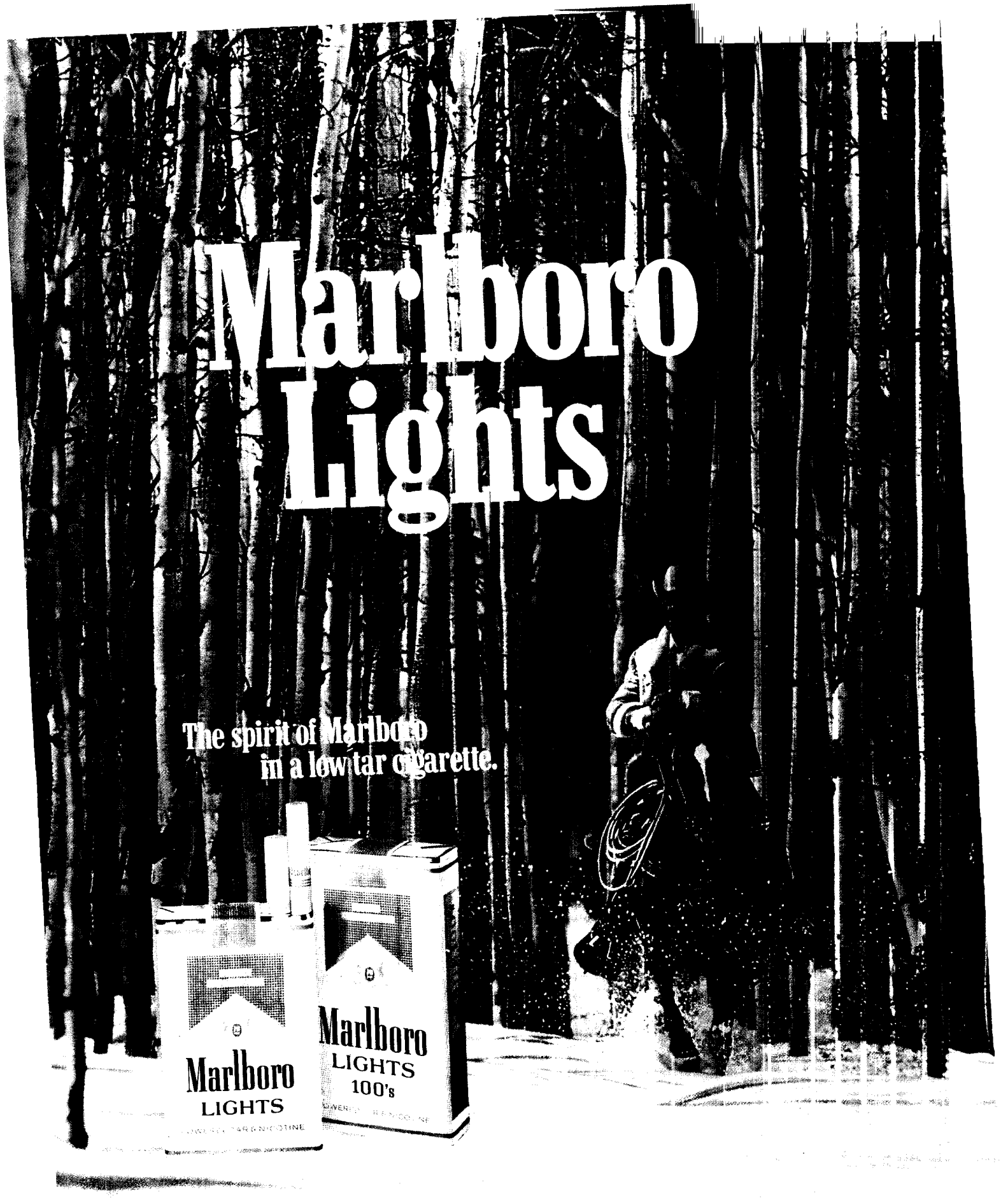

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